

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

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- **Make Summer Different - Dorothy Boys Kilian**
- **A Letter to Mother - Louise Jean Walker**

May, 1955 - 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*
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Mothers, Take a Bow

Every Mother's Day Rosalie W. Doss takes inventory of her status as a mother. She ruefully recalls times when she thought that she had treated her children unjustly, had denied them certain things, and had not shown sufficient wisdom in dealing with them. When all the inventory is finally completed, however, this mother finds that she rates an A with her lasses and gosssoons.

So mothers everywhere, if you take inventory of your rating as a mother, I'm sure that you'll come out on top. Maybe you did punish Lucy and send her to bed without any supper one night when you thought that she had trampled through your flower bed. (Later you found that brother Henry was the real culprit.) Don't you remember the time that you didn't buy the pretty rhinestone necklace you had your heart set on having so that Lucy could look like a member of the jeunesse dorée in a gorgeous new summer dress?

Remember these things, you mothers, middle-aged mothers, young mothers, and mothers anywhere in between. You're doing a good job.

What's Here? Loie Brandom has excellent suggestions for fêteing mothers on their big day of the year. Be sure to read her delightful feature, "Party for Our Mothers."

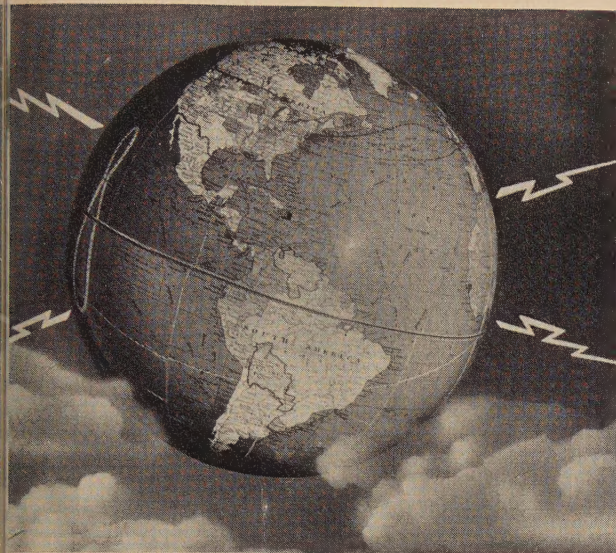
Have you let the relationship with God become tarnished in your home? Many people have, without realizing meaning to. If you want to ameliorate this relationship, you'll find Richard E. Lentz's article, "Open Your Home to God," a very useful one. My First Cousin Once Removed, Mr. Paul Taylor, of St. Louis, is the elderly gentleman who posed for the picture for this article. Bye the bye, if you find the term "First Cousin Once Removed" is an extraneous one in your vocabulary and if you are dubious as to its verity, kindly refer to the section on "Cousins" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. There you will find a complete explanation of consanguinity. (You might even find that you could be your own Grandpa.)

The Captain Video crowd will like "Frisky Finds Friends," the story of a friendly little squirrel who finds that there are some pretty-nice human beings in the world.

What's Coming? "Has Anyone Seen Dad?" This is a query which Jessie C. Burt asks in next month's *Hearthstone*. Hobart Ryland in his article "How I Stopped Smoking," gives us a good lesson on that great virtue, Will Power.

Hasta luego until next month

S. H.



—H. Armstrong Roberts

THE WORLD

Italian Protestant Jailed

ROME: Nicola Jezzi, an American citizen who retired to his native Chieti about a year ago, was sentenced to a six-day jail term and was fined 1,000 lire by the Chieti District Court for holding an "unauthorized" meeting of an Assemblies of God group in his home there. Chieti is about 100 miles east of Rome.

Giacomo Rosapepe, of Rome, attorney for the Italian Protestant bodies who represented Jezzi in the case, said he would appeal the sentence to a higher court.

The court based its ruling on Public Security Law No. 25, passed during the Fascist regime in Italy, which requires prior police authorization for the holding of "public religious meetings."

Mr. Rosapepe contends that Italy's postwar Constitution abrogated the earlier Fascist police laws and that, in addition, the meeting was not a public one since it was held in a private residence.

Christian Greetings from Czech Baptists

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: The Conference of the Baptist Unity meeting in Prague recently sent the following:

"To All Brothers, Sisters, and Friends:

"We, pastors and lay workers of the Baptist Unity, send sincere fraternal greetings to all brothers, sisters, and friends throughout the world.

"We have penitently recognized that our work has had many shortcomings and that we have not always been equal to the tasks with which the Lord has entrusted us. Nevertheless, we want to confess our gratitude to God for having been able to accomplish what we have accomplished.

"It has become clear to us that if we are to become a light for the world, we must do everything on our part so that the Light of the Gospel may do away with all obstacles that hinder mutual understanding and friendly co-existence of people and nations. We fear that as a result of our disobedience to the command of our Savior, we may become like that which has lost its savor and a light hid under a bushel.

"We rejoice that we may gather around the Word and Sacrament of God, inspire one another to great goals, aware of the fellowship with the churches of God all across the world. Therefore, we support with our prayers all sincere efforts of mankind for the preservation of world peace. At the same time we ask all our brothers in the faith to live together with us in their prayers and in their lives, that through the testimony of our works and deeds the Kingdom of Peace may be glorified and so that we may be among those to whom apply the words of Christ: Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Scots Send Braille Bible to Chinese

EDINBURGH: Printing of Bibles in Braille for distribution among communities on Formosa and other parts of the world whose members understand Mandarin Chinese is made possible by funds from the Hill Murray Institute for the Blind.

William Hill Murray, for whom the institute is named, was born in Edinburgh in 1842 and went to North China as colporteur for the National Bible Society of Scotland in 1871, remaining there until his death in 1911.

During his work there he was impressed by the plight of the great number of blind Chinese. In order to promote missionary work among them he devised a means of adapting the Braille system of printing to a representation of the sounds of Mandarin Chinese, which is the language of some 300 million Chinese. He also designed a simplified alphabet through which illiterate, but not sightless, persons could learn to read and write.

—H. Armstrong Roberts.



AT YOUR FRONT DOOR

Open Your Home

TO GOD!

*The home where God is a full-time guest
reaps the rich, spiritual rewards of
abundant Christian living.*

IF yours is like most typical church families, there have been a number of occasions when you wished especially for God's blessing to rest upon your home. When you were married, was there not a fervent hope—a prayer really—that your marriage would begin a home where all of the personal relationships would be pleasing to God? When the baby came, did you not, as parents, feel very close to one another in your common aspiration that your child should be good and that his home should rear him to love God? There have been other times as well when religion has become consciously poignant and stirring. In between those exciting times, however, routine and habit often have dulled the sense of God's presence in your home.

An Occasion of Rededication

National Family Week, May 1-8, 1955, through its theme, "Open Your Home to God," will be an occasion of rededication in many homes—a time of rekindling the aspirations of the finest moments of past family experience. The emphasis upon God's concern and help for families will be certain to give reassurance and new commitment to thousands of home makers.

How many families—your fam-

ily, for instance—plan participation in Family Week to share in the spiritual benefits of a home opened anew to the spirit of God?

Nearly all churches provide some help for their families in preparation for National Family Week. Your own church may have distributed leaflets or other guidance material that you can use. The plans of your church are opportunities for your family to join with others in exchanging experiences and suggestions. Many parents' classes, Hearthstone Fellowships, and church school parents' groups observe Family Week by holding special meetings or discussions on some phase of the theme. It might be wise to inquire of your pastor, church school superintendent, or other church leader, what plans are being made for National Family Week. Of course, announcements regarding the opportunities that will be available to your family may have been made in the church bulletin, in pastoral letters, or in newspapers.

Some Develop Their Own Plans

It is likely that many families will wish to develop their own ways of using Family Week to deepen the religious life of their homes. The family council, an informal meeting of all members of the household, lends itself to this kind

of creative group planning. When families have not been accustomed to gather regularly to discuss their problems and to make family decisions, this special Family Week meeting might prove to be a happy innovation that may lead to the establishment of a regular family council.

The quarterlies and pamphlets used in the Sunday church school classes and departments usually contain suggestions for home family participation. These will make a good starting place for the new family council as it discusses Family Week activities in your home. Probably this review of the church school literature will prove so rewarding that most families will wish to make it a weekly feature of their home program. Parents of very young children enjoy the "Messages to Parents of Children Under Two"* and "Twos at Church."* Selections from other features in this issue of *Hearthstone* could be used in family council discussion.

The Deeper Meaning

In considering the things a family might do together during Family Week, it would be possible to miss the deeper meaning of "Open Your Home to God." Then t

*Available from the publishers of *Hearthstone*.

ue of the observance would be
 used greatly. A family cannot
 n an open house for God as
 y would plan such an event to
 or or to entertain a neighbor
 friend. God can never be ex-
 ded from the home! He is
 ays there! It is by his power
 t all life is sustained, and
 ough his blessing come joy and
 duty, withheld from none. So
 'Open Your Home to God'' does
 t imply that God is now outside
 ir home and that you must bring
 n inside. Rather, it stresses the
 'welcome'' he should receive from
 ir family as manifested in their
 ateful acceptance of his will and
 their joyful cooperation in wor-
 p and service in his name.

The presence of God in the home
 felt especially at birth and at
 ath, when family members recog-
 e their dependence upon him.
 is is true also in the "valley"
 d in the "mountain top" ex-
 riences of the family: deep sor-
 w and great joy. Let us remem-
 r that God is at work in the
 me even in the ordinary routines
 growth, love, sacrifice, and serv-
 . The home is open to God
 en the family sincerely seeks to
 d him in the ordinary and to
 ve him in the commonplace.
 Open Your Home to God'' is an
 vitation for your family to con-
 sider its obligation to God and to
 e church and to discover what
 at obligation may mean for your
 mily's program in the years
 ead.

Now, perhaps, we are ready to
 rn to some simple suggestions of
 ys families may share in Na-
 onal Family Week to make it an
 perience of spiritual enrichment
 the home.

Families with Young Children

Music is returning to the home
 a source of family pleasure and
 igious expression. *In Joyful*
*ng** is an album of recordings
 religious songs for the family.
*he Whole World Singing** is a
 ngbook of fine religious songs
 om many lands. *Songs Children*
*ke** contains simple hymns
 aptable for family worship and
 raise. *God's Wonderful World**
 eludes both songs and stories for
 ung children. A half-hour of

by Richard E. Lentz

family group singing is a happy
 experience. Where children are
 very young, they may enjoy a
 simple song or lullaby. Stories
 and a family prayer may be added.
 This may be the beginning of reg-
 ular worship in your home.

Nature books and pictures are
 plentiful. In the backyard or
 near-by park can be found illustra-
 tions of God's gifts to us in nature.
 A family picnic or a walk in the
 country will provide many oppor-
 tunities for conversation about the
 Creator and his generous love.
 During Family Week more than

usual attention should be given to
 the family pets. The care of ani-
 mals teaches young masters some
 basic lessons about love. This is
 God's world, and it is good. Our
 home is a part of it, and we are
 glad. We are thankful to him for
 it.

Families with Adolescents

The interests of young people
 usually are broader than those of
 children. Family Week in the
 home where there are young peo-
 ple may utilize this broader interest

(Continued on page 28.)

Every neighborhood has individuals who live alone and who would
 deeply appreciate the companionship of a Christian home.



—Guin Ream

Tele—

VIRUS

is a disease which many TV owners have, says this author. "They lost their vision some time ago."

by Jeffrey Pine

ONE morning I received a letter from a friend which simultaneously thrilled and upset me. Generally calm and even tempered in her outlook, my friend had allowed herself an outburst of righteous indignation against a new and powerful influence on our social horizon—**TELEVISION**.

I was thrilled, for though she is much younger than I, the opinions she expressed were much like my own. I felt that perhaps I wasn't such an old crab after all.

I was upset, too, just as my friend was. It seems she and her husband had paid a visit over the week end to some relatives in a near-by town. They were invited to stay for dinner, which was soon placed steaming hot upon the table. The head of the house, however, was very busy. He was watching the fights on TV, and he could not bear to miss any of the excitement.

"You go ahead and say grace," he told the others,

"I want to see how this thing comes out."

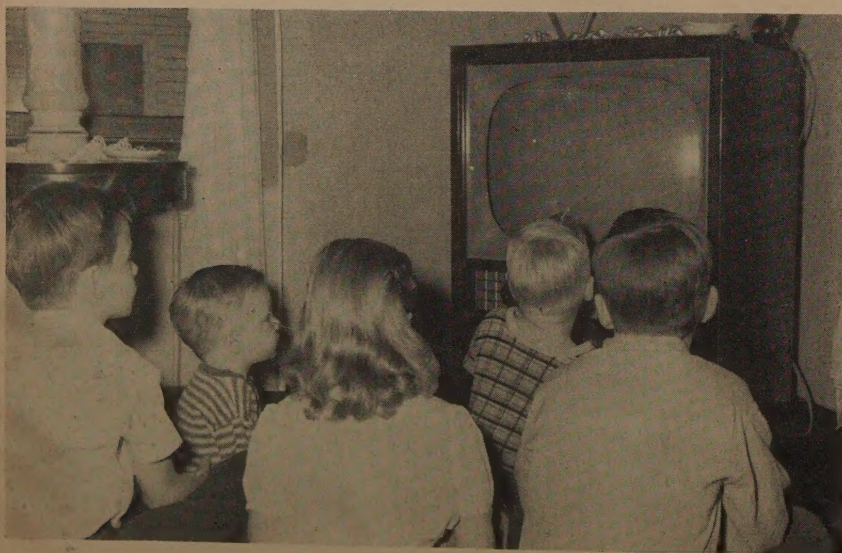
Thus deprived of the spiritual fellowship and presence of their host, the others sat down and bowed their heads to return thanks for the blessings of God. The last word hardly was uttered when a cheering roar burst forth from the shiny box across the way. Someone had won the fight.

"Shucks," exclaimed one of the reluctant diners. "I bowed my head, and look what I missed!"

At that very moment thousands of people all over the world were starving. Before the members and guests of that household was plenty, and for the no doubt, there had been plenty for the greater part of their lives. Yet, at least two of them begrudged even a short prayer of gratitude to the God of the universe, because it interfered with their chance to see which of two hulking, pounding men had succeeded in knocking the other to the floor.

My friends were heartsick.

—Photo by erb



These children are waiting for Mot to turn on the TV. "How simple and peaceful it is," says the writer, "to the children before the TV and them burn their eyes out."

Competitive games provide good, wholesome entertainment for children as a diversion from TV.



—Darrell Wolfe

"Darlene will no longer come to church with us," the letter continued. "She was doing so well, but now we have TV, and she prefers to stay at home." My mind went back to the time when after years of effort and activity in one community, we reached a turning point in the road. We moved from our old home. It was a happy time, for we had accomplished our goals, but it was sad because we had to say "good-bye" to friends, some of whom we never would see again. One evening we paid a final call on two older friends who we felt would appreciate our visiting before we left. As we entered the home, the front room at least greeted us with a cheery brightness. Our host and hostess, however, seemed eager for us to leave so they could continue their interrupted activities. I did not need to ask what they had been doing. It was staring us in the face and was going full blast—**TELEVISION!**

If the program had been worth while, I could have given a reason for leaving the set turned on. As it was, we talked to the profiles of our friends and grabbed critically for the words coming garbled and brief from the corners of their mouths, while their eyes remained glued to the screen. In between flashes we managed to convey the idea that we were leaving.

The same thing happened at the next place where we stopped, and we began to wonder if we had one of those widely advertised conditions that "even your best friends won't tell you about."

It wasn't so much that very little attention was given to us when we called, and that what was given was decidedly not undivided. It was the caliber and quality of that with which we had to compete. In the first home wrestling matches held the floor. In the second home the family raptly viewed an orchestra, which was playing strains of shallow music, garbled by a trio of inferior singers.

These programs were valued above the fellowship

and friendship we once had enjoyed. We left to return no more.

"Dearest," I said to my beloved companion, "I know they like us, and I know they did not mean to be rude. They've got Tele-Virus!"

"Tele-Virus?"

"Virus," I repeated firmly. "They lost their vision some time ago."

Let's take a good long look at this thing we call TV.

It's a marvelous invention, a fascinating plaything, with breathtaking potentialities for good—or for evil.

Television can comfort the lonely, bring cheer to the weary, entertain the sick, educate the ignorant, stimulate community activity, help in the solution of local and national problems, and even help bring about a better understanding among peoples of different backgrounds from different sections of the land. Constructively applied, TV can raise our mental sights, broaden intellectual horizons, and sharpen the insight and understanding of stumbling humanity, thus earning its right to the title we have given it—television.

Television has another side. The Word of God has much to say about the heart of man, especially in relation to his thoughts. "The light of the body," says our Lord, "is the eyes." In Proverbs 23 we are exhorted not to eat of the dainties of him that hath an evil eye, for as he *thinketh* in his heart, so is he. In the same proverb God pleads,

"My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways."

Television makes use of two very powerful avenues into the thoughts and the hearts of men—hearing

(Continued on page 28.)

Freedom

A Story by **DOROTHY BOYS KILIAN**

Illustration by Norman Nichols

LIBBY MARTIN put one more orange into the juicer and set out three glasses. Then she leaned back against the gleaming tile sink and looked contentedly around her. Sunny yellow walls, chrome and blue table and chairs, shiny new white stove and refrigerator—a perfect dream of a kitchen.

In fact, it actually was the realization of a dream that had sustained her through all those lonely months while Dan was overseas, those depressing days when she and little Jimmy had existed alone in that drab, out-of-date apartment—breakfasting in that cramped, dirty-tan walled cupboard of a room used to defeat her before the day had fairly begun, she remembered. When she left for work, dropping Jimmy off at the day nursery on the way, she was already feeling the dull ache which would rise to a sharp crescendo of loneliness upon her return in the evening. Somehow, during those blurry days, she had grown to think of a shining modern little house as the symbol of everything safe and good and secure.

But now, thank God, Dan was safely back, and to top it all, here they were in the new house they had planned for so long.

And this first leisurely Saturday morning would have been the best time yet to savor the happiness which she felt would last forever and ever, if only Dan—the thought was almost unbearable, but from what he had been talking about last night, it looked as if this dream house might fade away as completely as real dreams do.

"I hope you love me as much as you do this house." Her husband grinned as he came in, his brown hair sleek from his morning shower, and saw her still gazing appreciatively around the room.

"Darling, what a thing to say!" Libby tried to make her laugh sound natural as she brushed a kiss on his cheek. "But really, isn't it perfect? So bright, so modern, and best of all, it's *ours*!"

"Ours after fifteen more years of payments," Dan teased. "And frankly, pretty wife, it would seem even more perfect if I viewed it with a breakfast tucked inside me." He looked hungrily at the bacon sizzling in the pan.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," Libby chanted. "This is a changing world, but that's one thing that remains the same. Sit down, my lord, I'll serve you in a jiff."

He hadn't mentioned those plans again. Could it have been just a passing notion? Or had she been having a nightmare? How fervently she hoped that nothing in their present life would be changed. She mustn't allow anything to change it!

"Where's Jimmy?" Dan asked between bites of cereal. "I thought I heard him come out here a long time ago."

"Oh, he went outside with that little butterfly net I made for him out of wire and cheesecloth. I'll call him in."

"Wait," Dan said. "Needless to say, I love him dearly," he grinned, "but why don't we have a few bites in civilized peace for a change? We can have him come

in later. He always finishes in half the time we do, anyway. Besides, I'd like to talk to you about something. Honey," his face grew serious, "you know those figures I was showing you last night?"

Libby set the juice pitcher down heavily on the table. "Dan, you're not still thinking of that?" She sat down and stared at him unhappily.

"Lib," Dan insisted, "it's something that has to be decided in a hurry. I have the chance to buy out that laundry, but it's such a good deal that someone else may grab it up if I don't act right away."

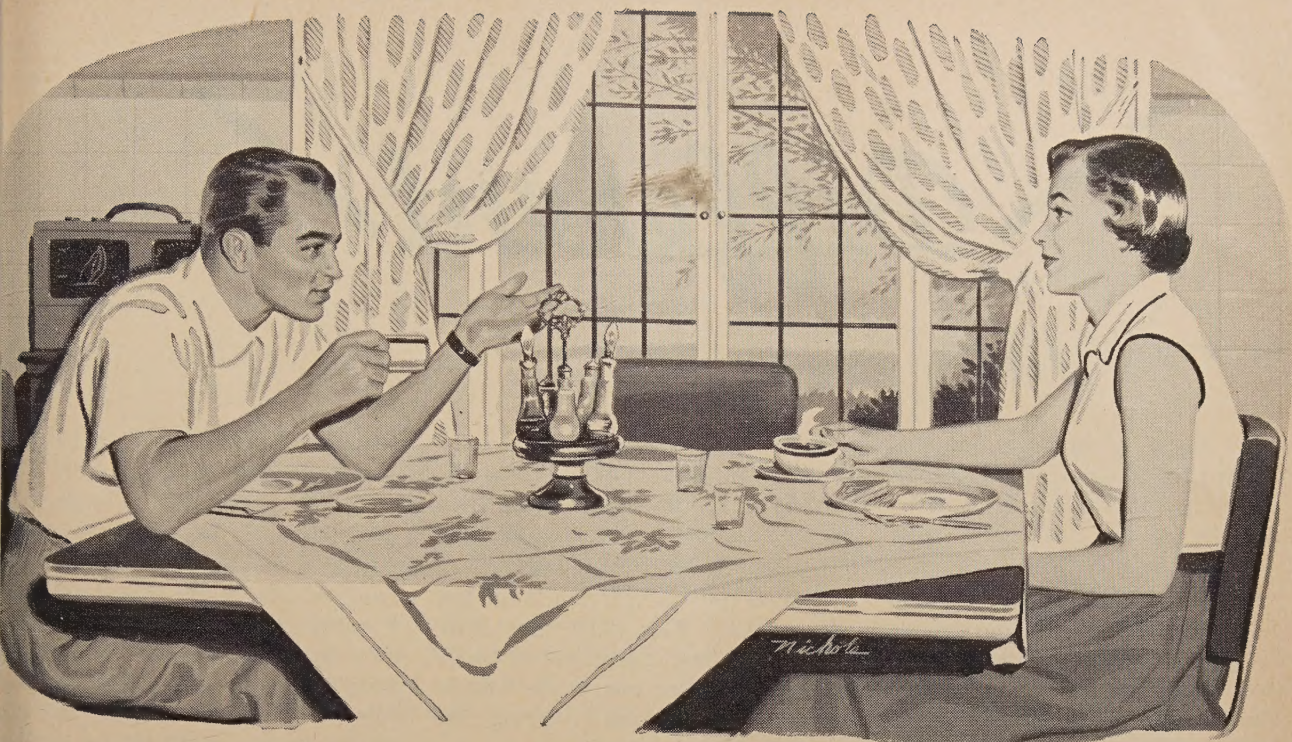
"But how could we possibly swing it even if we wanted to?" Libby protested. "Where in the world could you lay your hands on the thousands—how much did you say they were asking?"

"We've saved some," Dan answered patiently. "And I'm almost sure we could borrow the rest. That's the way everyone gets started. And perhaps you could help in the office, at least at first."

Oh, not that, Dan, Libby's heart cried. I want to be here with Jimmy all day now; I really want to live in this little house. Other women may enjoy getting out into the business world every day, but I've had enough of that more than enough of that.

Aloud she said, "Suppose we don't make a go of it, where would we be then?" Then she couldn't help demanding, "How, for instance, could we continue the payments on our house?"

"But there's every chance that—"



Dan hadn't mentioned those plans again. She hoped nothing in their present life would change, and she mustn't allow anything to change it.

"Chance!" Libby exploded. At the factory you can be sure a regular pay check and the prospects of becoming head of that whole department."

"Lib, haven't I got it across to you at all?" Dan leaned across the table almost as if, by his physical nearness, he hoped to transfer his own aspirations to her. "The factory job's okay, but I've always dreamed of having a business of my own—you know that."

Libby put her hand on his. "Darling, I do know. And someday you'll surely do it. But right now, when we're really settled for the first time in ages—after that agonizing year of wondering when our guard unit would go overseas, and then that awful year and half when you *were* gone—honey, don't we deserve a little peace and security for a while?"

"You do deserve all that and more, Lib," Dan answered earnestly. "And that's one reason why I want to get started with this thing right now and build it up into something big. Besides," he mumbled restlessly, "when a man puts it into his head that he wants to be his own boss, he—"

"Sh-h," Libby warned. "There's

Jimmy at the back door."

"Oh, Mommy, look at this pretty butterfly I just caught!" Jimmy ran panting into the kitchen and put a fruit jar down on the table.

Libby smiled as she leaned over to peer through the glass. "Why, he is lovely, isn't he? Those brilliant yellow bands on his shiny black wings—look, Dan."

"The beautifullest one I've ever found," Jimmy said exultantly.

"I wonder if he's happy," Dan said thoughtfully.

"Oh, he's all right, Daddy. See, I punched holes with a nail in the top of the jar so he can get fresh air, and I put some flowers from the bush where I caught him in the bottom for food."

"Keep him for me, please. I'll try to find some more." And Jimmy was gone, the screen door banging behind him.

"He really is gorgeous!" Libby exclaimed, turning the jar slowly around on the table. "No wonder Jimmy's proud of his catch."

"Look how he's beating his wings against the side," Dan pointed out.

"Why should he want to get out, though!" Libby remonstrated.

"It looks so safe and cozy inside, and Jimmy's provided him with everything—air to breathe, blossoms for food, and a twig to settle on."

"But he's not free," Dan said quietly.

Libby glanced up quickly at her husband, but he was still staring intently into the jar. Then her ears caught a faint whirring sound and she looked down again. The butterfly was beating its gossamer wings against the glass with redoubled fervor. Even as she watched, the wings fluttered more and more slowly, then the edges bent upward against the sides of the jar, and the creature became rigidly motionless.

Libby felt panic rising in her. "What's the matter with him?" she cried anxiously. "Is he—"

Dan drew in his breath. "He's given up, that's all," he said finally.

The kitchen clock ticked loudly in silence.

Then Libby reached over and grasped Dan's arm. "Give notice Monday, Dan," she said earnestly. "Don't go on at the factory a day longer. We'll manage somehow."

Make

Summer

Different

by Dorothy Boys Kilian

YOUR child may come running home from school some day in late spring and say, "Mother, John says he's going to Canada this vacation, and Bill's family is going to the beach for a month. What are *we* going to do?"

If you have planned a long trip, too, then your answer will be an easy one. Suppose, however, that time or the budget will not allow you to venture far from home this summer. What then can you say to keep Junior from feeling sorry for himself?

You can say in all sincerity, "We may not get out of town much this vacation, but we're going to have lots of fun at home. Just wait and see!"

For you really can have a happy summer right in your own neighborhood if you will take the time to do some planning. One of the most important things is to make the children's routine as different as possible from that of the school year. One of the main reasons we travel is to have a change of scenery and schedule; and this can be accomplished to an amazing degree right at home.

If it is at all feasible, let the youngsters rearrange the furniture in their rooms. You know what a lift it gives the housewife to shift the davenport around in the living room occasionally! Children react the same way. Our two boys took their bunk beds apart to make separate twin beds last summer. The result was cooler sleeping and more convenient "flopping" places

for them and their friends on hot afternoons. This left less floor space for play, but a lot of their toys were moved out to the porch, garage, and backyard during the warm weather, anyway.

Sometimes beds can be moved under windows where the young occupants can look out at the stars of the summer sky, or watch the birds flitting in the tree branches if it is not yet dark at bedtime.

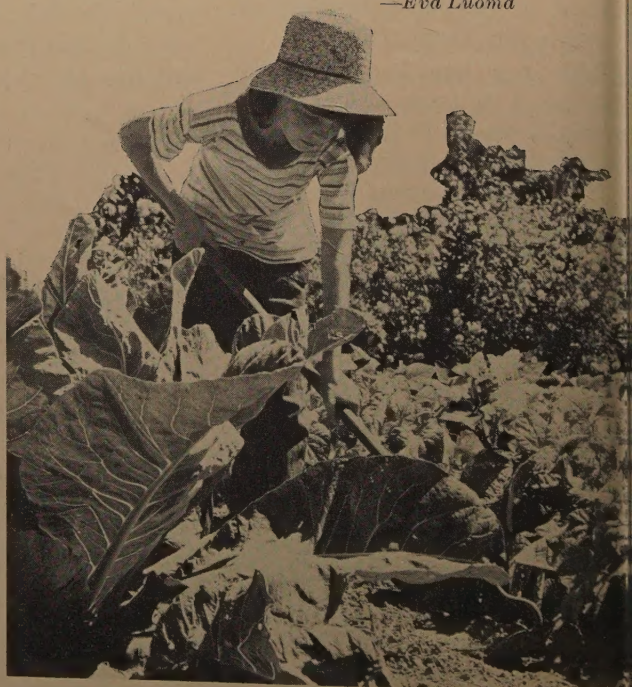
It is a pleasant change to take

much of the family living outdoors. Few of us are fortunate enough to own one of the newer type homes where the architect has incorporated outdoor living into the plan of the house—with patios, sliding solar windows, and other such enjoyable additions. Most of us do have porches or yard areas, however, and lacking these, one can always resort to "a picnic in the park."

(Continued on page 28.)

—Eva Luoma

For many children gardening is a pleasant summer diversion.



Mrs. Roeslein

Smiles Through

by Enola Chamberlin

WHEN her husband receives a raise in wages, when her son gets good grades in school, Adelaide Roeslein, of Los Alamitos, California, smiles. When her husband gets his neck broken on his job and her son comes home with straight F's on his report card, she continues to smile. True, her smiles contain a wistful quality, but a stranger ringing her doorbell and seeing her for the first time would never know. Her clear blue eyes sparkle with an eagerness of living, with the anticipation of things soon to be better.

In the summer of 1952 things went well for the Roesleins. Being editor of the local church paper took too many hours of Adelaide's week, but she tucked smilingly to it. She played the piano at church and attended Bible class as well as services every Sunday. She planned some day to write articles on her notebook full of ideas. The family could use any money she could make.

"Perhaps I was a bit impatient that summer of 1952," she said. "I wanted to do so much more, but I didn't want to quit anything I was already doing. I couldn't give up my church work. I couldn't see

anyone can smile when life is a bowl of honey and roses, but Mrs. Roeslein smiles even when things look grim.



where I could stretch out my time at home. Then, because of the breakdown of the press where I printed the church paper, I turned the editorship over to another member. Here, I thought, was my chance to do a little writing on my own. I sold an article to *Etude* on my training of the children of the church school in a Toy Symphony some years before. I was at that time training children in another Toy Symphony. Although I had sold a few articles prior to the *Etude* article, this one was my last. On November 3 frightened horses on the dairy farm where my husband worked knocked him down, dragged a wagon over him, and broke his neck. That he lived to get to the hospital was a miracle."

Adelaide sighed deeply. A phantom of a smile brushed the corners of her mouth. "For a little while," she said, "it seemed as though, like the little red hen, the world had fallen on my head. They bored holes in John's skull on each side of his head and hung an eighteen-pound weight in such a way that it pulled his head up and back. He lay that way, completely helpless, for three weeks."

Once Adelaide had driven a car, but she had not been behind a wheel for ten years. "Talk about your monster," she said, "that car was all of them. Just to think of steering it in and out among other wildly driven cars turned me to a gob of jelly; but John was in the hospital miles away. No busses ran to take me. I nearly wore the driveway out backing up and going forward before I got the nerve to back out into the street. God had me in his care. Once going I forgot the things I shouldn't do, remembered only the ones to be done, and I drove."

Now came Adelaide's big decision. Should she, with her heart so full of trouble, her hands so full of extra work, give up doing the things she had planned to do for the church, the things she was already doing? Eugene, her nine-year-old son, handicapped because of an auto accident years before, cannot go to school. He has to be taught at home. Could she, with an invalid husband, a dependent child, and a normal eleven-year-old boy, keep up with everything at home and carry on the church responsibilities she had accepted? It didn't take her long to decide. Her husband could so easily have died. God had spared him for her. Her thanks to God must be in actions as well as in words.

"Many people may have accomplished more than I did that winter," she said, "but I don't think anyone was ever any busier. While John was still in the hospital, I became chairman of the church Christmas bazaar. I planned on having homemade rag rugs for a main attraction. Women of the church were to come and work with me on every Thursday. The first Thursday five women came; the next, three. Both times each one brought a tale of woe about how hard it was for her to come. My house was full of donated rags, I washed and tore and sewed during the week in order to have plenty of material ready for the braiders. On the third, fourth, and fifth Thursdays I worked alone. Then I gave up."

Mr. Roeslein came home from the hospital in three weeks. He was incased in a neck-to-hip cast. His head was tipped and held back so far that he could not see where he was going. He could not drive, scarcely dared to leave the house without someone to guide him.

"After I was forced to give up the rug idea," Adelaide said, "I continued with what I could get prepared to make the bazaar a success. I did make one small rug. About this time the P.T.A. asked that the Toy Symphony perform for them. I gathered the children I had trained the winter before and had them practice for three weeks for this program. Although this training took too much of my time, I consider it time well spent.

"Though we received compensation for John's injury, it didn't cover everything. We had to borrow money, and I saw ourselves taking a long time to pay it back. My house, bulging with rags, became an inspiration. I could not write. I had no uninterrupted time; but I could braid rugs and listen to Eugene recite his lessons. I planned to make rugs I could sell. Later I would write a book about them." She swept her hand around the room where rags were in the process of becoming rugs. "I'm still at this, and I have orders to keep me busy for months."

Mrs. Roeslein did make a rug for the parsonage, a six-by-nine satin beauty. She had hoped to get it done for Christmas of 1953 but it was February of 1954 before the last rag was tucked neatly into place.

Mr. Roeslein had hoped that he might be back at work in six months from the time of his accident, but spring of 1953 came and went. He was in a neck cast for months after the body cast was removed. He could now drive and get around by himself. This relieved Adelaide somewhat as to time and work; so, as summer came, she taught Bible school and trained another outfit of children in the Toy Symphony.

"Sometimes I had as many as twenty-three children," she said, "but the average was around fourteen. Even to comb the dime stores for toys, bells, drums, triangles, tambourines for these children to play was something of a job. Occasionally, we had to improvise an instrument such as opening a baby rattle and enclosing pebbles to give it a different effect. I loved it though and so did the children."

Money for immediate needs was still a problem. Adelaide sent for Christmas cards, catalogues, and

God Touched the World

God touched the grass and it was green,
He touched the tree buds, too;
They swelled and put forth tender leaves,
All sweet and green and new.

God touched the brook and set it free,
He woke the sleeping flow'rs.
He set the fragrant breeze afloat
To freshen springtime hours.

God touched the heart of each small bird,
And taught it how to sing.
God touched the world with kindly hands,
And gave us lovely spring!

—Grayce Krogh Boller

samples. These she distributed among people in the summer so they could make their selections at their leisure. Her card sales boomed, and they helped out on the financial problem.

In October, eleven and one-half months after his injury, Mr. Roeslein went back to work. Money would be coming in, but more was needed. Adelaide had a little building lettered beside the house. Here she kept her Christmas cards; here she planned the display and to sell anything that might prove profitable in an effort to get the family back on its feet. The making of the rugs has put an end to that, however.

Mrs. Roeslein's rugs are something you might dream about but never hope to possess. She goes each week to the upholstery shops in Long Beach and gets new scraps. These she cuts and braids, using a metal folder which turns all raw edges in and out of sight. Each row of braided material snuggles against each other row with nothing to show where it is fastened. It is fastened very securely with two strands of carpet thread caught through loops of the braid work. The colors in these rugs are blended one into another—brown into green, green into gold—in a beautiful sequence of color tones. She will make any color any size anyone wants. She still plans to write her book—some day.

"My next problem, however," she said, with one of her rueful smiles, "is to help my twelve-year-old to get those F's off his report card, and to get him back to A's, B's, and C's. Somewhere along the line I relaxed my discipline and let him get the idea that he can play instead of study. With John back to work and the pressure off me a little, I can help my boy."

A triumphant smile lights her face, setting it aglow with an inner radiance. She has conquered the past. The future is hers.

THE girls, lounging in Betty's big bedroom, were quietly thoughtful now as they considered the matter of giving a Mother's Day party. Then Jane, picking up pencil and sheet of paper from the desk, announced briskly, "Let's be businesslike and start at the beginning. Fellow conspirators, ideas for the invitations are now in order!"

The girls all giggled, but Lela came forth with a suggestion for the color scheme.

"Seems to me that the dainty pastel shades of spring would be lovely, and with the early flowers that will be in bloom, we can make the place 'a bower of beauty,'" she quoted with gestures.

"I'll make the cards for the invitations," offered Sally, the artistic member of the group. "I have some orchid-tinted cards, in the corners of which I'll water-color some pale yellow daffodils. If someone will furnish the verse, I'll letter it in silver."

Eve, who wanted to be a writer, consulted the notebook in which she had been scribbling. "How would this do?" she asked.

To us our mothers are very dear,
So at this special time of year,
We're giving a party that we may show,
We think they're the grandest folk we know.

Time Place Date

"Fine!" chorused the girls.

"Now supposing our mothers have arrived on time at Connie's home, the place indicated on the invitations, what do we do to entertain them?" asked the practical one.

"Why not have some of the older games they used to enjoy at their girlhood parties, like charades, fortune telling, and guessing games?" inquired Betty.

"So far so good," approved Lela. "Can you illustrate more in detail?"

"What I had in mind was something like this," explained Betty. "We could use the dark curtains in the big, double archway at Connie's home for our backdrop. The girls would put on the charade acts, and the mothers would be the

A Party for Our Mothers

by

Loie Brandom

audience and would do the guessing. We might represent book names such as *Lavender and Old Lace*, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, *Under the Lilacs*, or titles from Dickens, or from Sir Walter Scott's books. Or we could use the names of cities in the United States, or flowers, or names of famous people for the charades."

"We could present a book as a prize to the mother winning the contest," contributed Lela.

"Maybe after this stunt the mothers would like to stretch and move about a bit," suggested Sally. "So for a more active game we could take them for a walk in the indoor flower garden. For this trip we provide paper and pencils and request the mothers to move about the rooms and write down the name of each different flower they find, using each name only once on their list. Artificial flowers representing the late-blooming varieties may be mixed in with the real ones. Pictures of flowers may also be used. To the mother having the

longest list of correctly named flowers we could give a corsage, or a bouquet of cut flowers as a prize."

"Oh, girls! I've thought of something!" exploded Donna.

"Congratulations!" teased the girls.

"How many of you can get hold of childhood pictures of your mothers without their knowing it?" Donna continued.

"I can!" came the cries from all over the room.

"Then," directed Donna, "bring them to the party. We'll cover all identifying marks on them with paper, number them, ask the mothers themselves to see how many they can name correctly. A small framed etching, or water color picture, would make a nice prize in this case."

"Right you are! That's using the old noggin!" complimented the girls.

"Now if we can think of some game that can be played at tables, so the winning couple can progress from one table to another, the mothers would all get a chance to visit with each other," suggested Eve.

"That shouldn't be too hard," mused Betty. "We don't have to have the same game at each table either you know, and we could use games that would take our mothers' memories back to their childhood. For example, we might have a pile of jackstraws on table number one. At table number two we could have dominoes or lotto. At table number three would be four small jigsaw picture puzzles. When those at one table finish a game, they go to the next table.

"Then we could use the tables for serving the refreshments," suggested Sally. "White luncheon cloths and napkins with a low bowl of pastel-hued flowers on each table would be all the decorations necessary. We wouldn't need place cards either, because the mothers would remain seated where they were when the last game ended."

"Well, that's decided without a single veto vote," applauded the girls.

(Continued on page 30.)

A Letter to Mother

Dear Mother,

Sunday will be Mother's Day. Somehow I feel that a beautifully wrapped package or a box of flowers bearing my card and delivered by a florist's helper, is wholly inadequate to express my love for you. Therefore, I am writing this letter to try to tell you how much you mean to me.

First, I wish to thank you for the care that you have given me. From the time I was a tiny baby, your love and understanding have helped make me strong. When I cut my finger or skinned my knee, I hurried to you. Your sympathy and kiss made my hurts feel better.

Probably the world would dub you an old-fashioned mother. I am thankful that you realized that keeping a home was a worth-while and an important vocation. Housekeeping wasn't an easy task, for you didn't have the household appliances and gadgets that simplify modern homekeeping. The meals that you cooked; the bread, cookies, pies, and cakes you baked; the canning, pickling, and preserving you did; the clothes you made, washed, ironed, and mended; the time that you spent caring for us when we had sieges of croup, whooping cough, and measles represent countless hours. Many times you must have worked around the clock, yet I never heard you complain about working overtime.

No memory is more precious to me than your meeting me at the door with a welcoming smile when I returned from school. I always knew that you would be there. I could feel the warmth of your love and interest when you inquired about school, and I could tell you about the happenings in my world while I ate the appetizing snack that you

had prepared. How you kept the cookie jar filled for me and my friends when we came home famished I shall never be able to understand! Then there were the numerous surprises--the platter of fudge, the popcorn balls, and the freezer of ice cream--every one of which you must have made by depriving yourself of needed rest and leisure. Then too, you never seemed disturbed by or cross over the noise we made either in the house or on the tennis court as long as we played happily and didn't quarrel. Somehow you developed a great serenity. No wonder that both young and old loved you!

I shall always be grateful that from my earliest recollection I had a part in helping to choose a new chair, a rug, a picture, or some other article with which to make our home attractive. It made me feel that I belonged to the family and that my help was important and necessary in our home.

You wanted me to love the beautiful. Your psychology in that respect was both practical and wise. Of course, I loved pretty clothes. Those shopping expeditions during which you taught me how to shop and select my clothing must have been ordeals and exhausting experiences for you. The knowledge that I gained through your patient teaching about color combinations, materials, and appropriate styles has been of inestimable value to me.

Furthermore, you showed me that beauty was all around me and that all I needed were sharp eyes, attentive ears, and a sensitive soul. I can never forget those rambles and walks we had through the woods. You opened my ears to birds' songs. Through your efforts, I beheld the beauty of a cardinal and of a hum-

ing-bird, the exquisite daintiness
of a butterfly's wing and a spider's
web, the majesty of trees, and the
glory of a winter sunset.

I shall never forget your
triangular flower stand with the
terraced shelves which made a kind
of half pyramid approximately four
feet high. In winter fuchsias, gera-
niums, a Christmas cactus, an
anemone, begonias, a coleus, and
geraniums responded to your "green thumb"
with a profusion of blooms and lux-
uriant foliage. How much fun we
had in the spring pouring over seed
catalogues and planning the garden!
Then several months later, we started
those early morning strolls through
our old-fashioned flower garden
where we watched the growing seeds
and bulbs develop into Madonna
lilies, Canterbury bells, verbenas,
phlox, zinnias, petunias, poppies,
dahlias, golden glow, and chry-
santhemums. Those walks helped me
to see God through the wonder and
beauty of his creation.

Do you remember how we used to
sit in church and look at the beauti-
ful stained glass window when the
sun flooded it with light? The
sapphire, emerald, ruby, turquoise, and
amethyst tints appeared as precious
gems on a background of black
velvet. Regardless of how many
times I look at that window depicting
Christ, the Good Shepherd, I see it
still in all that pristine loveli-
ness. Then at other times, we lis-
tened together to glorious music
pouring forth from the pipe organ.
You made it possible for me to
hear other fine music. You intro-
duced me to beautiful poetry and
prose. You helped me to appreciate
great art and architecture.

You told me innumerable times
that God intended that this should
be a world filled with beauty and
that we all had the responsibility
and privilege of carrying out his
plan. Gradually through your
guidance, I realized that only the
good is beautiful. You taught me to
love truth, loyalty, honor, and
unselfishness. How often I have
heard you repeat Tennyson's lines:
"Howe'er it be it seem to me

by Louise Jean Walker

'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood!"

You had a backlog of etiquette
that if we thought enough about the
feelings of others, we would
probably do the kind and right thing
ourselves. You have not only given
lip service to this idea, but by life
you have also exemplified it. You
have never been too busy or tired to
help anyone who needed you. The
poor, the sick, the unfortunate, and
the lonely have always been the
subjects of your special ministra-
tion. For your example of unselfish
helpfulness, I feel humble and
grateful.

For these and countless other
blessings on this Mother's Day, I
wish to express my love and sincere
appreciation.

Your daughter,

Louise

—H. Armstrong Roberts





—Don Knight

Invento

Moth

by Rosalie W. Doss

EVERY year when Mother's Day rolls around with its gifts of bulky pincushions, paste-smearred bookmarks, and paper plates made into pin trays, a lump rises in my throat. As I accept these gifts so painstakingly and lovingly made, I wonder if I'm really worthy to receive them.

The year passes before my eyes in a flash. I remember how I had to refuse Susan a party dress she had had her heart set on, because that was the month we had a big dental bill. I remember even more painfully how I had to take the hairbrush to Buddy before I could break him of the habit of teasing our neighbor's dog.

Yet, these children who had been denied things and punished for their misdeeds, still loved me enough to remember me with gifts on Mother's Day. In my heart I knew I tried to be a good mother, but I often wondered whether I was making the right decisions and dispensing justice with a firm hand and heart.

This is a problem that, I think, often confronts the average mother

more often than any of her other duties. Mother acts as the family chauffeur, cook, laundress, shopper, seamstress, and interior decorator. If she makes a mistake in any of these chores, it can usually be corrected. Mother is no Solomon, however, and the decisions she has to make in disciplining her children, sometimes in a split second, often leave her wondering whether she has acted wisely and whether her brand of discipline will endanger her children's future happiness.

I have found that our own children and their little friends are often the best barometers in judging our wisdom in these matters. If we will but observe and listen closely, we can soon learn whether we are following the right course.

This summer when our Susan was invited to spend a week with Julia at her family's big summer home at the seashore, I was half afraid to let her go. Surely, when Susan returned to her own unpretentious home, she would find all of us wanting! Besides having a lovely home, Julia also had a beautiful mother. Julia's mother

never allowed anything to ruffle her appearance or her temper.

The afternoon Susan was expected home from her visit, I was painting the shelves in the kitchen cupboards. Ruefully I looked down at my paint-spattered blue jeans. Maybe I should clean up before my daughter came home; but at that very moment Susan came bounding through the door. After a hug and a moist kiss, I couldn't help inquiring, "Are you glad to be home?"

"Oh, yes," sighed Susan blissfully as she admired the cabinet I had just painted. She hadn't even noticed my paint-spattered clothes.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked.

"It was wonderful down on the beach," said Susan. "But it's good to be home. Our house is more comfortable than Julia's."

"What!" I exclaimed as I looked at the lumpy couch and the sagging chairs on our sunporch.

"Oh, their furniture is nicer than ours," said Susan. "But they are not so comfortable to be

Mother's Day is a good time for you to figure out your rating as a mother. The chances are good that you'll rate an A with your youngsters.

remember those things," Mrs. White told me: "He'll learn them as he grows older."

A few days later, however, I knew I had been right in cultivating good manners in my children, when Betsy Brown came over to ask if Susan and Buddy could go to the children's operetta with her and her little brother.

"Are you asking Joanie White, too?" asked Susan.

With a child's frankness, Betsy replied, "No, Joanie White is too rude. We took her last time, and she embarrassed us. She talked all during the operetta and when people around us asked her to be quiet, she told them to shut up. Joanie doesn't have any manners."

Evidently, Mrs. White's children were already suffering from their lack of manners. Again the children had solved my problem for me. Good manners did count, even among the small fry!

There have been times when I have had to learn the hard way, too. When Susan was quite small, I listened as she and little Ann Wilson played "tea party" in the back yard. I heard Susan mimicking me exactly as she told Ann, "We'll make the kind of cookies

your mother makes. We burn them first, and then we will cover them with sugar icing, and no one will be the wiser."

Mrs. Wilson's burned offerings had long been a joke among the adults in our family; but I had never thought Susan even paid any attention to our remarks. From that day on I learned to be less witty at the expense of others! My child had taught me a lesson in human kindness.

So as you take inventory this Mother's Day, don't feel discouraged. Your children do not expect you to be perfect. If you love your children and let them know it often, they will forgive you on the days you are tired, worried, or just feeling cranky. You forgive your children when they have been naughty. They may not always accept your decisions and discipline happily at the time they are made, but they do accept the security and love your interest in their welfare brings. Basically, all children want to be the good citizens you are striving to make them. Do your best each day and remember that you can learn as much from your children as they can learn from you!

Quatrain of Praise

For this food, this daily blessing,

For Thy great guidance of our days,

For Thy presence at this table;

We thank Thee, Lord, and offer praise.

—Maria Mark Wilson



Fun with Hats

by Doris Clore Demaree

Photographs by Eric Wahleen

1.

Oh, look at all the pretty hats!
I found them in this drawer.
I've one, two, six, five hats—
Four hats, and maybe more.



2.

Ooo-oh! Pink hats, blue hats, hats with flowers!
Oh, won't I have some fun?
I'll take them all with me—
I think I'll wear each one!



3.

Now do you think this hat is best?

I do! I really do!

I think I look like Mom—

You say you think so, too?

4.

“But, dear, those hats are not for you,”

I heard my mother say.

“Oh, please,” I said, “It’s fun!

I’ll put them all away.”



The Squirrel family lived in a big, shady tree. There were Father Squirrel and Mother Squirrel, and two little Squirrels, Frisky and Susie. Father Squirrel and Mother Squirrel were used to looking out for themselves. They wanted to look out for Frisky and Susie, too, but the little Squirrels were very sure they did not need any help.

The big tree in which they lived shaded a comfortable house, and in that house were two children, Bobby and Bessie.

One morning Frisky Squirrel scampered along a branch of the big tree until he was very close to the house. Mother Squirrel had warned him time and again not to get too near the house.

"You can never tell about Human Beings," she said. "I don't want them to catch you."

"Are Bobby and Bessie Human Beings?" Frisky wanted to know.

"They surely are," Mother Squirrel answered.

"I am positive they wouldn't hurt me," Frisky argued.

"They are always smiling."

"Just the same," Mother Squirrel insisted, "they are Human Beings. A Human Being caught my brother one time, and he spent his whole life running around a wheel in a cage, never getting anywhere."

"Bobby and Bessie don't have a cage," Frisky declared.

"I am sure they don't."

"They wouldn't let you see it until they caught you," Mother Squirrel worried.

"Remember your mother's warning," Father Squirrel barked, "and don't take any chances with Human Beings."

Frisky flipped his tail and ran to the very end of the longest branch closest to the house. Then he stopped. Bessie was putting something on the window ledge. It looked like nuts. Could that be possible? Wouldn't it be wonderful to get food without working for it? Frisky chattered excitedly.

Bessie looked at him, then closed the window and stepped out of sight. Frisky went nearer. He was not mistaken.



Frisky finds friends

by Pearl Neilson

There were nuts in a little pan almost within his reach. He looked all around. Not a sign of a cage anywhere. Not even a sign of Bessie and Bobby. Father and Mother Squirrel must have been wrong!

He jumped from the branch to the window ledge. He could see right into the house, but there wasn't a single Human Being in sight.

Very cautiously he picked up a nut. My, but it was good! He took another—and another—and another. They were small nuts, and the shells were as thin as paper. When he had eaten the last one, he scampered home.

He didn't tell anyone about his adventure, and the next morning he skipped out before his sister Susie was awake. Near the end of the long branch he stopped again. Even if Father and Mother Squirrel were mistaken, he would be careful.

As he watched, Bobby opened the window and put nuts in the little pan on the ledge. Frisky came closer, his eyes on the nuts.

Bobby smiled and called back over his shoulder, "Oh, Bessie, come quickly! The squirrel is here again!" He didn't talk loud, and he didn't move about. Bessie came and stood beside Bobby. Frisky kept very still to see what they would do next.

After a while Bobby said, "We must be careful not to frighten him," and closed the window very gently.

Quick as a flash, Frisky jumped to the window ledge and ate all the nuts he could hold. Father and Mother Squirrel surely must have been wrong. There were some good Human Beings in the world, and Frisky had found them. If Bessie and Bobby were Human Beings, they were different. They were kind, or they would not have put those lovely nuts where Frisky could find them.

That night he told Father and Mother Squirrel and Susie about it. "Two days in a row," he boasted, "I have found those nuts, and no one tried to put me in a cage. The nuts are awfully good, and they aren't the least bit hard to crack. The shells are as thin as paper."

"They must be shelled peanuts," Father Squirrel decided. "I found some in the park one day after the children had been feeding the monkeys."

"Why didn't you bring me some?" Susie cried. "I would like to taste them, too."

Frisky looked at his sister thoughtfully. "Tomorrow," he promised, "you can go with me as far as the end of the long branch. Then perhaps I can bring a nut to you."

"I am just as old as you are," Susie pouted, "and I can go all the way."

Mother Squirrel shook her head and looked sad. "If you get caught," she told them, "you certainly can't say I didn't warn you."

Susie woke up early the next morning, anxious to go.

"I'll run ahead," Frisky planned importantly, "and you wait on the long branch till I come back."

Susie's beady black eyes danced, and her tail fairly quivered as she watched Frisky jumped to the window sill. Wasn't this exciting? Just as Frisky had said, there were nuts waiting in a little pan on the window ledge.

As he had promised, Frisky carried a nut to Susie. "Aren't they good?" she squealed. "Tomorrow I'm going all the way with you."

While they were eating, they looked toward the window

(Continued on page 30.)

Worship in the Family with Children

Theme for May: GLAD FOR FAMILIES

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

A Bible Verse

Let us love one another.—1 John 4:7.

A Prayer

Thank you, God, for Mother and Daddy; for Sister and Brother; for my whole family. I am glad we have happy times together. Amen.

Susan and her daddy have fun working a jigsaw puzzle together.

To Use with Younger Children

Susan's Happy Day

When Susan awakened, she could hear Mother in the kitchen. "Mother is cooking breakfast," thought Susan, "and I am glad because I am hungry."

Susan was big enough to wash and dress herself; so she got out of bed, washed her face and brushed her teeth, and put on her play clothes. Then she went into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Mother," said Susan.

"Good morning, Susan," said Mother. "Are you ready for your breakfast?"

"Yes," said Susan. "I am hungry."

After Susan had finished eating, she helped Mother with the dishes. Then she took her doll and went outdoors. She saw her friend, Marie, playing in the yard next door.

"Hello, Marie," called Susan.

"Hello," said Marie. "Can you come over and play with me?"

"I'll see," said Susan.

Susan ran into the house to ask her mother if she could go to Marie's to play. Mother said, "Yes." Susan hurried back, and

—Lil and Al Bloom



the two girls had fun playing with their dolls.

When Mother was ready to go to the store, she called to Susan. "Do you want to go to the grocery with me?"

"Yes," said Susan. She liked to go shopping with Mother. Sometimes Mother let her help choose what to buy.

As soon as Mother and Susan got home with the groceries, they ate lunch. After lunch, Susan helped Mother with the dishes. She dried the silver carefully and put it away.

Soon it was time for Susan to take a nap. Mother and Susan knew that Susan needed to rest so that she would grow strong and healthy. Sometimes Mother rested, too.

When Susan awakened from her nap, she heard a bird singing outside her window. She got up quietly and moved closer to the window to see the singing bird. Mother heard him, too! She came and stood beside Susan. They smiled at each other. "I am glad for birds," said Mother. "I'm glad, too," said Susan.

"It is time for your bath," said Mother.

"Goody," said Susan. Susan liked bath time. She and Mother had fun laughing and talking together.

When Susan was all dressed, she looked at some of her picture books while Mother took her own bath and put on clean clothes.

Then it was time for Mother to cook dinner. Susan helped. Susan

set the table. It was fun to help Mother.

Finally, it was time for Daddy to come home from work. Susan watched for him from the window. When she saw him coming, she ran to the door to meet him.

Daddy picked Susan up and gave her a big kiss. He was glad to see Susan. Susan was glad to see Daddy.

"Let's work my puzzle," said Susan.

"After dinner," said Daddy.

After dinner, Susan and Daddy got out Susan's jigsaw puzzle and started to fit the pieces together. They had fun.

When it was time for Susan to go to bed, Mother and Daddy came into her room to say goodnight. They talked about Susan's happy day. "We're glad you had happy day," said Susan's mother and daddy. "We are glad, too, that you are our little girl."

"I'm glad you are my mother and daddy, too," said Susan. "You are the best mother and daddy in the whole world. Families are fun."

"Yes," said Father. "I am glad God planned for families. I want to say thank you to God for my family."

"Thank you, God," said Mother and Susan, too.

—H. Armstrong Roberts



Our Family

Our family has fun together.

We eat together—

We work together—

We go places together—

We play together—

We worship together—

Our family has fun.

I am glad God planned for families.

"Thank you, God, for our family."

This family is having a happy time at home. Can you make up a story about the mother and father and the boy and girl in this picture?



—A. Devaney, Inc.

To Use with Older Children

Bible Verse to Remember

"A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another."
John 13:34.

A Prayer

God, our Father, we are glad
for our family. We have happy
times together. We love each
other. Help us to find ways each
of us to show our love to one another
and to help make home a happy
place. Thank you, God, for our
family. Amen.

For Family Worship The Picture Above

Call to Worship: 1 John 4:11.

Hymn: Choose a favorite hymn
on the theme of love.

Scripture: 1 Corinthians 13:4-8a.
Read by father or mother.

Hymn: Choose another favorite
hymn on the theme of love.

Meditation: Use the section, "Fam-
ily Evenings in Palestine,"
Pupil's Book, Second Year,
Spring Quarter, Junior Graded
Lessons, page 32.

or

Talk about the picture on this
page.

Prayer: Use the one on this page
or one of your own.

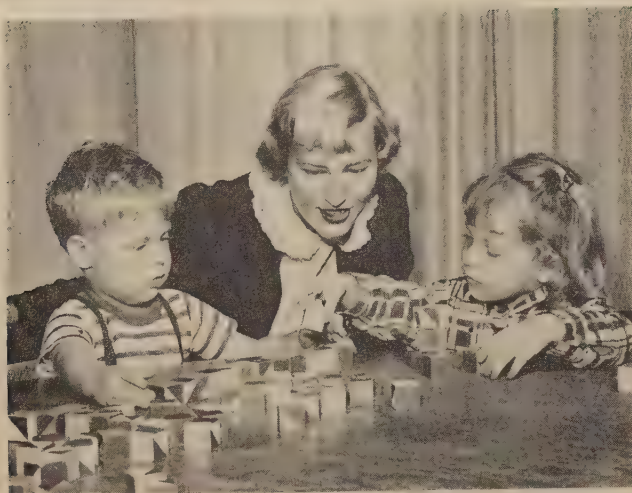
Here is a picture of a family
having fun together. They are
having a happy evening at home.
Can you make up a story about
this picture and use it in your
family worship?

How many things can you think
of that your family does together
to have happy times? Perhaps the
other members of your family can
think of other things to add to your
list. Have you included the work
you do together, the play times
you enjoy together, and your wor-
ship times together?

Aren't you glad God planned
for families? Can you write your
own thank-you prayer? You may
wish to use your prayer in your
family worship.

TEACHING STEWARDSHIP

Charles Aqua Viva from Don Knight



Parents can teach their small children how to play harmoniously with others and how to share their possessions in a willing, Christian spirit.

A CHILD'S first encounter is his parents. Two things in this encounter are important for the child's development into a meaningful understanding of stewardship: the interpersonal relationship between the child and the parents and the parental view of life. There is a vital connection between these two facts. Responsible parents want their children to acquire a Christian attitude toward life, but the emotional life of the child growing out of his interaction with his parents in a large measure determines the kind of view of life he can respond to and make his own. In short, a child's relationship to his parents has much to do with whether he will develop a Christian or a materialistic view of life.

The Parents' View of Stewardship

In teaching stewardship parents need a firm grasp of the biblical teaching on the subject. This understanding, of course, must be more than an intellectual affair; it must be dynamically integrated with the roots of their lives, or else the child perceives it to be a mere façade.

What is biblical stewardship? Well, it may be defined as "the grateful and obedient response of oneself to God or his undeserved gifts; a response which acknowledges God as the ultimate owner and sovereign Lord of the whole of life, which is held by man as a trust, and which issues in the voluntary and responsible use of one's total self and possessions to the glory of God and in loving service to one's neighbor."

The view of stewardship emphasizes several things: (1) The motive of stewardship is not compliance with a rule, but grateful response to God for his gifts. (2) Stewardship is not a bargain we strike with God to earn his gifts, but a thankful recognition for gifts already received. (3) Giving is not a grudging act arising out of a mere sense of duty, but a bountiful response arising out of love. (4) The whole of life belongs to God and not some fractional part as though God could be "paid off" with tribute money—one's gifts, the tithe, or any other, are a tribute to God which expressly recognizes that God has claim to all that one has, and this has significance

in the HOME

both in the way we accumulate things and in the way we account for them. (5) The guide to giving is not some rule to be satisfied, but the needs of one's neighbor—e.g., his need for a home, as in the case of displaced persons, for food, as in the case of refugees, or for the gospel, as in the case of the unevangelized.

The Dynamic Aspect of Teaching Stewardship

A child encounters the professional view of the parents on stewardship, but he encounters something more—he encounters the parents themselves. To our consternation, among parents there is often a contradiction between our professed views and our real views, between our views and ourselves, and our children are quick to detect it.

Important as it is to have a biblical understanding of stewardship, it is not enough to be able to recite parrot-like the definition and principles of stewardship. Teaching is not a static thing in which a parent says to a child: "Now we know what stewardship is; you must still while I instill!" It is a dynamic thing made meaningful by the encounter between parent and child.

Unless what parents believe is dynamically integrated with the deeper promptings of their lives, their teaching is likely to be ineffectual. For example, parents may subscribe to the biblical doctrine that persons are more valuable than things, that things are not to be worshiped as ends but are to be used as means to the end

Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups

ment of life. By their example parents may show that what they really believe is just the opposite—namely, that things (clothes, money, jobs, prestige, etc.) are what really count and that persons are to be used to get what one wants in life. If so, no matter how much a child may be taught to use toys to make other children happy, he will be tempted constantly to think that toys are more important than playmates.

Suppose parents want to imbue their child with this basic stewardship teaching—that persons are more important than things. How will they go about it? Certainly, not simply by telling them that the Bible says so. They may do so until patience has worn thin and will not get the idea across. Wise parents will pay attention to their personal relationships to their children, for this is crucial in determining what beliefs will really matter to them. For example, when an infant is born, he has two basic encounters—one with things (objects, toys) and the other with persons (parents, children). If his parents love him in a genuine, outgoing way, the child will respond to persons, and his deepest needs will be met on the level of persons, not things. Finding satisfaction in personal relations, he will not be under the necessity of finding substitutes in things. He will, therefore, be able to make things his servant, not his master, and he will learn that things are means to life, not the end of life. Hence, he will learn a stewardship principle—that “a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,” not because he has been taught it by rote (which in any case can scarcely be verbalized at this age level) but because of a satisfying relationship to his parents.

If parents want to teach stewardship to their children, they must lay the basis in their relationship with their children. By giving themselves to their children in dependable love, parents help their

children to find life’s deepest satisfactions in personal relations instead of things. Thus, they avoid the emotional basis for materialism and give the basis for a view of life that sees persons as important and things as instrumental to persons.

Direct Ways of Teaching Stewardship

By the proper interpersonal relation with their children, parents indirectly provide the capacity to respond to biblical stewardship. Assuming that parents are providing this basis for learning, we find

by
Paul L. Stagg

that there are endless, direct approaches that they may use in teaching stewardship.

At a child’s level saying that things are means and not ends is a meaningless abstraction. If, however, a child is taught to share his toys, he is introduced in a concrete way to the idea that things are not to be used selfishly, but are to be shared. Stewardship means that our possessions are a trust for which we are accountable, but this needs to be made meaningful in a child’s experience. Allowances for children, which may be earned by doing “chores” in the home as responsible members of the family, are helpful in developing a capacity for the right use of money. Budgeting the family income, or a child’s allowance involves an understanding of what has first claim on one’s life. A child may thus develop a scale of values, to see that church comes before movies, that clothes are more essential than candy, that the first part of their allowance, as of the family income, should be given to the church, and that all of

it should be responsibly used.

Right motives in giving can be taught directly. A child will respond to the fact that God has given his Son for us and that in our giving we are saying “thank you” for a gift already received. Thus, a child learns that giving is related to needs, specific needs which one can visualize: heating and lighting the church, decorating the sanctuary, or helping a needy family.

Recently, we had a canvass in our church to raise funds for an educational building. The need had been visualized in pictures, and our children responded by including it in their pledges. So impressed were they with the need that when their mother agreed to teach a class of remedial students in the local school, and they realized that she was to be paid a salary for it, our ten-year-old girl exclaimed, “Gee, Mother, now you’ll be able to give more to the ‘building fund!’” We were pleased that she said that instead of “Now I can have a new coat!”

Instead of stressing rules and abstract notions, it is better to present specific needs. To say that you ought to give because the Bible says so may leave you cold; but to depict the needs along the modern “Jericho road,” the 40,000,000 homeless refugees, hungry children, countries like India where only two per cent are Christian—this strikes a chord in a child’s heart! Last Christmas our church received an offering for the “Share Our Surplus” program to send surplus food overseas, and our children emptied their banks gladly to have a part. “To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required” is a stewardship principle, but it comes alive when the imagination is fired by a picture of hungry children.

When a child encounters parents who accept him and who have a Christian view of life, the child encounters stewardship in a dynamic way. In this encounter stewardship comes alive.

STUDY GUIDE

As you plan for a study session based on "Teaching Stewardship in the Home," here are some suggestion lines to follow:

I. Make a Study of Biblical Principles of Stewardship.

One of the best books to consult is Holmes Rolston's *Stewardship in the New Testament Church*. B. H. Branscomb has an excellent discussion, very readable, in his *Teachings of Jesus*, pp. 217ff. For more advanced study I recommend an article by Charles Taylor in a symposium edited by J. Fletcher entitled "Christianity and Property."

The following is a fairly adequate summary of biblical principles on stewardship:

1. All property and possessions belong to God, the real owner who entrusts things to man as an accountable steward.

2. Individual property rights are never absolute, but always relative to the whole family or community.

3. All use of property for selfish advantage is to be condemned.

4. Property and wealth are for service, the means rather than the ends of life. They are not instruments of domination but are the necessary means for the good of others.

5. Jesus rules out the worship of material things by affirming that one must put God first.

6. Persons are more valuable than possessions; personal values must not be sacrificed to material values.

7. One should be motivated by desire to serve and not merely by desire for personal profit.

8. One should render an accounting for his stewardship out of gratitude to God for his gifts and in the light of concrete needs.

II. Relate the Teaching of Stewardship to Various Age Levels.

On the infant and child level it is indicated in the article on "Teaching Stewardship in the Home" (which should be read as background for the program) that if parents give dependable love to the infant or child, he will value persons above things. If, however, the parents withhold love and give substitutes for it in terms of gadgets, toys, and movies, the child will be related to things rather than to persons and in lieu of personal love, he will be satisfied only by things—food, clothing, money, toys. Wherever this holds true, there will be an overwhelming need to give on the part of the parents and an insatiable greed to receive on the part of the child. If one has to be given love, he turns to things, craves them possessively, and finds his security in them.

The same pattern holds for every level. On the adolescent level youth often finds that parents put material values first and subordinate personal values to success, income, power, prestige, clothes, and gadgets. A youth finds again the same situation he encountered as a child—the offer of things as a source of security and power when the parents' capacity for warmth and affection is running dry. On the earlier level his need was met by toys; on this level his need is likely to be met by a growing demand for clothes, the family car, and sex considered as an object to possess, not as a gateway to a life-long personal relationship.

On the adult level the pattern continues, the only difference being in the size and material value of the objects. Instead of toys it's the latest model car; instead of dolls or marbles it's fur coats or bonds; instead of accumulating small articles it's bigger barns and bank accounts.

III. Consider the Wider Aspect of Stewardship.

Stewardship should not be narrowly confined to making pledges to the church. While that is very important, there is a wider reality to stewardship involving how we earn our money, how we save and spend it, how we use our talents and to what ends we employ them. See Rolston's book for a discussion of this. What sort of motives do parents hold before their children? Success? Profit? Security? Service?

When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. There are stories in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books which may be borrowed from the public library or from the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books such as *Holiday Craft and Fun*, by Joseph Leeming, and *The Ding Dong School Book*, by Dr. Frances R. Horwich and Reinald Werrenrath, Jr.

Direct Games. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books such as *Children's Games from Many Lands*, by Nina Millen, and *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin.

Lead a Missionary Project. For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Ave., Indianapolis 7, Ind.

Too Young

A boy may be a handsome brute,

A real dreamboat, by gosh.

The sophomore lass won't date him though,

If he's a lowly frosh.

—s. h.

ter what goals parents stress, children are likely to be influenced by what parents really consider important.

Think Through the Following Questions

What is meant by biblical stewardship and what are its main principles?

What is the basic motive in giving the desire to satisfy some rules of giving or gratitude to God?

What is the difference between static and dynamic teaching of stewardship? In what way is the parents' love for children related to teaching stewardship?

Suppose a parent stresses service in sharing to children, but it is apparent that the parents really regard success, social position, income, clothes, and gadgets as important, what will be the effect upon the children?

What is the relationship between the way a child is loved and his capacity

to respond to the Christian view of life?

6. In teaching stewardship make a list of direct approaches to children suited to their age level.

7. How can one dramatize human needs and cause children to see the wider claim of the gospel upon their lives?

Conducting the Meeting

The leader—or the panel if desired—should be a person of discernment with insight into the dynamic situation in which stewardship comes alive to a child. The leader should, however, know more than the psychology involved in learning. He should grasp the biblical and theological principles involved in stewardship.

The meeting might be opened by giving a definition of stewardship, allowing different members of the group to state their definition. This might be followed by an exposition of the subject as in-

dicated in the article, with a forum period at the end.

If a panel is used, the panel might employ the three sections of the article as the basis of brief statements and then invite questions from the members.

However the meeting is conducted, the three things mentioned in the article should be stressed and clarified with illustrations and concrete cases. That is, the scriptural basis of stewardship should be made clear, the interpersonal relation between parent and child so important for learning should be related to stewardship, and practical illustrations, suited to different age levels, of how stewardship can be taught in the home should be given.

While the chairman should keep the discussion relevant, ample opportunity should be given to members to discuss the principles involved and to relate ways in which they are applying them in their own homes.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

| | | | | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|
| Wicked Biblical city that was destroyed by fire ----- | 131 | 111 | 62 | 79 | 116 | | |
| Ladies ----- | 72 | 17 | 78 | 41 | 59 | | |
| To say or do again ----- | 68 | 27 | 118 | 45 | 7 | 89 | |
| An agreement between two countries ----- | 5 | 76 | 29 | 58 | 92 | 117 | |
| Home of the angels ----- | 64 | 21 | 88 | 49 | 32 | 47 | |
| Prickly plant ----- | 63 | 37 | 90 | 115 | 1 | 102 | 35 |
| Plump ----- | 18 | 110 | 71 | 34 | 108 | 66 | |
| To earn, or be worthy of ----- | 113 | 3 | 46 | 87 | 24 | 74 | 55 |
| To tremble, or shudder ----- | 4 | 93 | 44 | 15 | 73 | 51 | |
| Awkward ----- | 31 | 134 | 133 | 54 | 91 | 127 | |
| Added or numbered ----- | 43 | 119 | 101 | 61 | 98 | 104 | 8 |
| Lodgers ----- | 120 | 23 | 53 | 40 | 65 | 86 | 39 |
| Best ----- | 9 | 97 | 124 | 60 | 11 | 107 | |
| The tomb of a saint ----- | 128 | 20 | 112 | 122 | 70 | 109 | |

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | | 17 | 18 | | 19 | 20 | 21 | |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | | 31 | 32 |
| 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | | 37 | 38 | 39 | | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 |
| 44 | 45 | 46 | | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | | 52 | 53 | 54 |
| 55 | | 56 | 57 | | 58 | 59 | | 60 | 61 | 62 | | 63 |
| 64 | 65 | 66 | | 67 | 68 | 69 | | 70 | 71 | 72 | | 73 |
| 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | |
| 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | | 90 | 91 | | 92 | 93 | 94 | |
| 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | 100 | 101 | 102 | 103 | 104 | 105 | 106 | |
| 107 | 108 | 109 | | 110 | 111 | 112 | 113 | | 114 | 115 | | 116 |
| 117 | | 118 | 119 | 120 | 121 | 122 | 123 | 124 | | 125 | 126 | 127 |
| 128 | | 129 | 130 | | 131 | 132 | 133 | 134 | | | | |

Solution on page 30

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|
| Prickly plant ----- | 64 | 21 | 88 | 49 | 32 | 47 | |
| Plump ----- | 63 | 37 | 90 | 115 | 1 | 102 | 35 |
| To earn, or be worthy of ----- | 18 | 110 | 71 | 34 | 108 | 66 | |
| To tremble, or shudder ----- | 113 | 3 | 46 | 87 | 24 | 74 | 55 |
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| Lodgers ----- | 43 | 119 | 101 | 61 | 98 | 104 | 8 |
| Best ----- | 120 | 23 | 53 | 40 | 65 | 86 | 39 |
| The tomb of a saint ----- | 9 | 97 | 124 | 60 | 11 | 107 | |
| | 128 | 20 | 112 | 122 | 70 | 109 | |

When a Fellow Needs an

Adult

Friend

JIM was one big flop tonight, Marion thought as she closed the front door. She turned and walked slowly across the living room. Without glancing at her reflection in the mirror above the mantelpiece, she sat down on the sofa.

Imagine, Marion mused, Jim's leaving so early—a quarter to nine. What about the strange way he acted? He wasn't rude or mad; but he was quiet and distant. He wasn't very much interested in talking—or in listening, either. He did talk a little, come to think of it; but what he said was vague—something about the way he felt about life.

After a while, even before the television program was over, Jim stood up. All he said was, "Well, Kid, I must be going." Then he left.

Marion gave up. She couldn't think of anything to explain Jim's behavior. Scratching her head, she said aloud: "And they say that *women* are moody!"

Actually, the clue to Jim's *strange* behavior did pass through Marion's mind: his vague talk about life. Jim acted quite as normally as any teen-ager possessed of serious thoughts or with a problem on his mind. He could not bring himself to confide in Marion. He withdrew into himself and became moody, feeling she wouldn't fully appreciate what he had to say.

There are times when every teen-ager, tired of the usual talk and furious activity of the teen-age world, wants to be in the company of a mature person. This was Jim's problem the night he hurried off from his girl's house.

Luckily for Jim there was an adult friend to whom he could turn. Mr. George, manager of a service station in Jim and Marion's neighborhood, had long been Jim's friend. He was a regular fellow. He seemed to like Jim as much as Jim liked him. So when Jim left Marion's house, he sought out Mr. George and talked to him for almost an hour. That night Jim went home, standing a little taller, feeling a sense of dignity.

What did Jim have on his mind? Well, he had been thinking about what he wanted to do with his life, and he wanted to know what Mr. George thought

about his ambition. Perhaps, too, he wanted Mr. George to listen to him.

Almost all young people know some adults they might make good friends—the high school coach, the science teacher, an aunt or uncle, or the youth counselor at church. Not all teen-agers, however, are as fortunate as Jim in developing a real companionship with an adult.

Friendships are not so ordinary as they appear to be. They don't "just happen"—or if they do, they happen because two people are willing to reveal themselves to one another. This is to say that making friends always involves a risk. One risks unfriendliness when he shows a desire to be friendly. But

"Nothing risked, nothing gained."

Two types of young people are certain to be failures with adults. First, there is the show-off braggart. Nobody likes to be with an exhibitionist. This person, contemptuous of the mature world and of adults, regards his own ideas and views as superior to those of "old fogies." Even when he is clever enough to disguise his contempt, he can't hide his self-seeking attempt to make a big impression.

The second type, while perhaps not so objectionable as the first, is also doomed to failure with adults. It is the too-shy type.

—photo by erb



A sympathetic adult can be a blessing to a teen-ager with a problem.

Sometimes teen-agers desire the companionship of an adult friend as a change from the fast pace of associating with those of their own age.

The adult should make the proper overture to friendship and should do the talking, this person thinks. He has feelings, problems, and serious thoughts. He needs mature counsel; but he won't "open up" about them. He trusts neither himself nor the adult whom he would like to know better.

Neither of these types is willing to give of himself to express his honest feelings. That is why neither can make lasting friendships with adults.

Friendships, with adults, as well as with young people, are built upon mutual trust. This implies that an adult benefits as much from such a friendship as the young person. Dull and uninteresting is the adult who does not enjoy teen-agers. Where else, except among young people, will he find fresh perspectives, bounding energy, and a zest for life? When a balanced young man or woman chooses an adult for a friend, it is a compliment to the adult.—

This suggests that the prospective young friend can confidently be himself with adults. By being himself the youth is a real person, never a "crazy mixed-up kid." He is becoming what he is earnestly striving to be.

An adult respects a self-confident boy or girl—neither cocksure nor too unsure. A young person, still immature, has much to learn. To go beyond immaturity, though, one must first develop opinions and convictions. The only way to arrive at mature opinions is through a give-and-take process. One expresses himself honestly and then listens to other opinions. The best ones, the ones that survive testing, win. No teen-ager should ever fear having a wrong opinion. He should fear having none at all.

A sixteen-year-old girl, president of her youth fellowship, in speaking to a group of adults, said: "Whatever program we have, we want opportunities to express ourselves. We may not always be right in our thinking, but we have thoughts and feelings, and we are learning." This girl has the right attitude.

Another quality that adults appreciate in young friends is consideration for others. The faultfinder attempts to build himself up by ruining the reputa-

tions of others. Human error is something that everyone, even the faultfinder, must live with. To work on one's own faults is enough for the average person.

A recording of one's criticisms of others would really sound foolish.

"Say, did you see the dress Ann was wearing? Why, it was as ugly as she is. Well, I wouldn't go anywhere looking like that. By the way, let me tell you about my new skirt and blouse!" It is clear what this girl is trying to do, and it is disgusting.

There is also the quality of restraint, which is particularly difficult for some teen-agers. What would an adult think of a young friend who, on their first meeting, poured out intimate details about his life?

In any close friendship there will be right times for intimate conversations. The young person who exercises restraint waits for the "right time." Observation of others will help one know, or sense, when the right time comes. Restraint is also concerned with actions. For example, one wouldn't want to visit an adult friend when he is obviously very busy, or expect unreasonable favors from him.

Of course, to make a good friend of a teen-ager, an adult must possess personable qualities, too. Not just any adult will do. Young people are particularly keen when it comes to spotting phony qualities in adults. The reason some young people have no close friends among adults is that those whom they know are not real persons.

More than personable qualities are needed. In a teen-ager-adult friendship it is to be expected that the adult, who has much experience, will be the more stable. His knowledge of both people and life situations should give him understanding. He should have a sense of security. He should be willing to trust the "long view." These are qualities the teen-ager is striving for. Without such qualities an adult reveals that, though adult in age, he is really immature.

Maturity is evidenced in the manner and behavior of the woman to whom young Charlotte turned with her problem. The fifteen-year-old girl, after getting a lecture from her mother because she wanted to date the same boy every week end, sought understanding

(Continued on page 30.)

Open Your Home to God!

(Continued from page 3.)

in the observance. Open Your Home to God in this situation may mean opening the home to his use, making it available to him in reaching out to others, to the world. The home may in truth become a "local outlet" for the universal God.

This sense of participation in the world-wide concerns of the church may be strengthened by family reading aloud from the periodicals of the church. There can be a "family missionary round table" if each person will prepare a brief "report" or current event from the contemporary world missionary program. One family even dressed in costume for such a special meal at home. Songs and games of other cultures enrich a program like this. Ordinarily, the family will wish to "do something" to share in the programs reported. A sacrificial offering or an article made in the home can serve this desire of the family to open their home to God through service.

Every community has lonely persons—strangers, elderly men and women, and people who live alone. A home may be open to God through the sharing of Christian hospitality either by entertaining guests or by visiting the lonely shut-in. The fellowship of the Christian Church is one of its most potent influences. God uses fellowship to change lives. Young people enjoy entertaining. A simple social period, using songs and games, may be climaxed with a prayer or a Bible reading. The young people may make "favors." If desired, there may be a family group evaluation afterwards.

Families of Adults Only

The family does not disappear when younger members marry and leave the home. Family Week has many possibilities for the home where there are adults only. Married persons, when their children are grown, enter a period of relationship that may be stimulatingly new and different. Companionship and partnership in religious and church activities can become more meaningful again, perhaps more than ever. Regular worship or study can be achieved more easily. "Open Your Home to God" is a challenge to place renewed emphasis upon spiritual values in your home, regardless of family age.

The opportunities for entertaining, visiting, and service through the home and family are present in the adult family, also.

Of course, National Family Week is a special week, but it can contribute to the year-long enrichment of family life. The pleasant, inspiring experiences of the special observance may be repeated often throughout the year. In fact, past experience of thousands of families seems to show homes open to God are seldom afterward closed to God.

Tele-Virus

(Continued from page 5.)

and sight. More and more modern psychologists are realizing the truth and power of that phrase, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Thoughts, we are told, sink into the subconscious, determine attitudes, translate themselves into action, and even condition the circumstances around us.

Think, then, of the power wielded by this device, which, according to some of its advertisers, is observed in the home on an average of five hours per day. By its very nature TV is given the ability to inculcate its own thoughts into the heads and hearts of the people at will. Such is its fascination that the temptation to observe it for long hours tends toward the exclusion of other activities leading to the independent use of the cultivation of simple social graces or the proper exercise of the physical body.

Worse yet, TV can serve to separate the hearts of men from God, not only by robbing them of their time and inclination to pray, to meditate, to study God's Word, and to go to church, but also by substituting the stones of the world for the Bread of Heaven, through the offering of cheap, sensual, and unprofitable programs.

I am by no means alone in my opinion. A short time ago, while traveling, we turned on our car radio and heard a well-known personality answer questions submitted by listeners. One of the questions was, "In your opinion, has TV up to now been an influence for good or for evil?"

To my complete surprise the speaker clearly stated that in his opinion TV had been an influence mostly for evil.

One thing amazes me. We found that professing Christians, who are horrified at the idea of attending a theater, a jazz concert, or a wrestling match, allow the same forms of entertainment to enter their homes via TV.

What is the effect of TV upon our children? I do not know, for sure. What I do know is that growing children need plenty of active, healthful, outdoor exercise. Also, they need the give and take of group activity for social development, to say nothing of the use and manipulation of appropriate equipment and toys designed to stimulate wholesome imaginative play and creative thinking.

Children need supervision. Ah! the temptation that comes to overburdened parents in these rushing, hectic days! How simple and peaceful it is to set the children before the TV and let them burn their eyes out. Think of the time saved! No more storytelling to do; no family songfests; no more need for excursions into the world beyond the confines of the home; and above all, no more planning of constructive activities or worrying about how to keep the little rascals busy.

Some time ago I was told that it

would be desirable to delay the reading program in the public schools until third and fourth grades, "for the physical eye of a child is not fully developed until then." What must we say about TV? I cannot stand to look for minutes at some of the screens I've seen children staring at for an hour at a time.

What price will we pay for TV? Blended constructively into the pattern of human lives, TV can become a blessing and a blessing. Uncontrolled, it can act as a virus, feeding maliciously upon the moral fibers of the individual, the home, and the nation. It all depends upon what we do with it.

What shall we do with it? Why not be fearless for a change? In our homes let's take our stand and insist that only high-caliber programs be shown on TV screens. Let's make it a rule that when callers come, the television must be turned off out of common courtesy, not out of an appreciation for the value of the exchange of ideas and fellowship. Friends may not always be won.

Let us guard jealously our daily allotment of time, the stuff of which our earthly life is composed. Television must not waste that valuable element nor rob us of the incentive to explore other and more profitable fields.

Above all let us remember the admonition of Paul, which he wrote in his Epistle to the Philippians.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, **THINK ON THESE THINGS.**"

Make Summer Different

(Continued from page 8.)

Jaded hot weather appetites seem to perk up wonderfully when the food is served on a cool porch, or out on the lawn in the shade of a leafy green tree. The children will gladly make the trip back and forth to the house for table settings and supplies because "eating somewhere different" is a real treat for them.

My boys always have picnic lunches during vacation. Sometime during the morning I prepare individual packets of sandwiches, fruit, and cookies. Then at noon each one takes his sack from the refrigerator, pours himself a glass of milk, and goes out to his favorite spot in the yard. Perhaps one will elect to climb into the tree house and be the ship's captain having a bite on the bridge. The other one may go out to the sandpile and pretend he is picnicking at the beach. Or sometimes they will both relax companionably under a maple tree, leaning together against its wide friendly trunk. They do relax, though, because there is no parent around to fuss about elbows on the table and too

luthfuls and the napkin that slides off the lap.

What makes the summer really different is to be allowed to sleep outdoors. You may live on a sixty-foot city lot, as we do, but in the dark of night, out under the stars, a child finds his back against a novel and thrilling place. The young members of the family will want to sleep close to your bedroom windows, if possible, where they can call to you during the night. The older children, however, will probably want to read their bedrolls behind the garage, or, far from home. Then, in the morning, if they can pick up their breakfasts on trays and carry them out beneath their improvised tent or sleeping bags, the camping illusion is complete.

What if they do lie awake past their regular bedtime, talking quietly and looking at the stars? What if the morning sun wakes them earlier than usual? They will only be sleepier the next night, and they will have learned from personal experience that God really has made a beautiful world.

The children's routine of tasks can be varied; and they will be more enthusiastic about their work if some of the new jobs are definitely seasonal ones, such as making the lemonade for afternoon snacks, closing the windows in the mornings on hot days, and opening them again in the cool of the evening, being responsible for keeping a bowl of freshly cut flowers on the dining table, and so on. It is a good idea to list a number of available jobs and let each child choose his own; then he feels a greater sense of responsibility toward them.

Best of all, in the summer you, as a parent, can be a little different—more relaxed, more accessible, and closer to your family. You yourself do not have to meet so many deadlines; you can afford to vary your own routine. For example, if you and the children want to go to the park on Wednesday morning, leaving the ordinary housework to be done later in the afternoon, go ahead. Your club does not meet during July and August anyway. If Dad turns his back on his regular Saturday morning grass cutting and hedge clipping and instead helps the boys build their tree house, what of it? They will do the hard work for him on Monday, if they're old enough. Or he can catch up on his chores during the long, light weekday evenings.

There is hardly a community that does not have one or more places of interest near by—a state or county park, an historical landmark of some kind, a museum of history or art, or just woodland with a shallow good-for-wading creek running through it. Expeditions to such spots will be occasions to plan days beforehand and to talk about days afterward; that is, if you parents really make them memorable occasions. Children are quick to sense genuine enthusiasm (or, alas, boredom) in their elders. Yes, a summer at home can be fun. It is up to you!

Books for the Hearthside

For Children

Life on a Michigan farm in the horse-and-buggy days provides the setting for **Somebody Special**, by Neta Lohnes Frazier (Longmans, Green, Inc., New York, 1954, 148 pages, \$2.75). Those of you who read and remember *Little Rhody* (same author and publisher, 1953) will recognize the little heroine of this book, now just a little older. Because she is older, she, too, wants to be something special just like other members of her family, and the new teacher. How she develops into "somebody special" provides entertainment that will keep your children interested and amused for a number of hours. The charming line drawings are by Henrietta Jones Moon.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"

"I've been to London To See the Queen," by Katherine Gibson (Longmans, Green, Inc., New York, 1954, 144 pages, \$2.50). This charming historical story about the little Princess Isabella who came from France to London to marry Richard II takes its title from the well-known nursery rhyme. Junior age girls and boys will find the recounting of life in those days near the Hundred Years War very exciting and interesting. In the story you learn how a queen was called Fancy; how a shepherd lad named Sparrow, a cat named Boots, and a little milkmaid named Cicely all contributed to the education of the little queen. The book contains a number of black and white drawings by Clotilde Embree Funk. The author knows her early England well and tells an appealing story.

Here is a colorfully illustrated life of **Martin Luther**, by May McNeer and Lynd Ward (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 1953, 96 pages, \$1.25), for juniors. The great reformer's life is told in a way that will captivate your young readers, and the page after page of pictures will tell their own story to those who cannot read but who only listen and look. Putting this book into their hands will help your children gain an early understanding of some of the historically important figures and events that form the foundations of Protestant thinking.

An adventure story of Hawaii is **The Hidden Village**, by Keora Kono and Dorothy Mulgrave (Longmans, Green, Inc., New York, 1954, 111 pages,

\$2.50). Keo, a young Hawaiian boy, starts out to find the hidden village about which his mother had told him such interesting tales. What befell him and how he came out of his many strange adventures is a good story for junior girls and boys to read to their younger sisters and brothers some rainy day. Illustrations are by Isami Kashiwagi.

For Young People

Joseph E. Chipperfield, whose stories of wild life on the moors of England have been reviewed before on these pages, brings his talents to a new field in **Greeka, Eagle of the Hebrides** (Longmans, Green, Inc., New York, 1954, 236 pages, \$3.00). The life story of this great golden eagle is thrillingly told, and teen-agers will find it intensely absorbing. It may be a doubtful compliment to say that the author makes his eagles almost human in their emotions and reactions to their experiences, but the reader feels that he enters sympathetically into the lives of the feathered and furred denizens of the wilds.

Would you like to live on a ranch located on the edge of a naval bombing range? Earl S. Coleman's **Rockets at Dawn** (Longmans, Green, Inc., New York, 1954, 193 pages, \$2.75) tells how Mace Donegan and Wint Phillip, young partners in a new guides-for-hunters enterprise, meet and overcome a great series of obstacles in order to get started. Here is a mixture of Western thrills and modern aviation, horses and dogs in a day of trucks and airplanes, clean-living youth and vicious older criminals, deer hunting and uranium searching that will fascinate teen-agers and some older readers.

For Adults

A "different" devotional booklet is John Wesley's **The Christian's Pattern** (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 127 pages, \$1.50). This is a reprint of the first book published in America by the Methodist Book Concern. It is by "the" John Wesley and is his first major writing, a translation and abridgment of *The Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas a Kempis. Here is the heart of the famous *Imitation*, put in simpler words by Wesley, and made available in handy form for modern seekers after reality in devotional meditation.

A Party for Our Mothers

(Continued from page 11.)

"Eats!" said plump Gladys and giggled good-naturedly with the other girls who well knew her fondness for food.

"Don't let Gladys plan the refreshments, or we'll be having a seven-course dinner," teased Lela.

"That wouldn't make me mad a bit," replied Gladys with a grin.

"We must plan something simple we girls can prepare ourselves, because we don't want our mothers to do a thing," thoughtfully suggested Nina. "I know how to make all kinds of fancy sandwiches, though, if you decide to have those," she offered.

"That would make a nice start," conceded Connie. "Then a crisp vegetable or fruit salad, topped off with ice cream, cake, and coffee would be splendiferous."

"I'll make cupcakes and ice them with pastel-colored frosting," offered Gladys. "I'll even make tiny colored flowers on their tops with the frosting bag squeezeum thing-a-ma-jig."

"Hurrah for Gladys!" cheered the girls. "We accept with pleasure!"

"We forgot we were going to forecast our mothers' fortunes for the coming year," reminded Eve.

"It is not too late yet," informed Jane. "What would you suggest, Eve?"

"Well, I've been making up some couplets that go like this:

You'll have few troubles this whole year through;

And you'll make others happy with all that you do.

It seems you will spend much time in the air,

And you'll really like it way up there. The work you do will lead you to fame, And make for you a well-known name. Your life will be happy, your friends will be true,

There's a wonderful year ahead for you. Fortune is fickle, and fate we oft rue, But both have good things in store for you.

You'll travel here, you'll travel there, By sea, on land, and through the air.

"We could write the couplets on cards or slips of paper, hide them about the rooms, and let our mothers hunt for them. The first one each finds is her fortune.

"And for the final stunt let's have an old-time song contest. Betty will play a list of well-known songs like 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie,' 'Darling Nellie Gray,' 'She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage,' 'Sweet Adeline,' 'When You Wore a Tulip,' 'On the Banks of the Wabash,' etc. We girls will hum or whistle along with the piano, and the mothers will guess the names of the familiar tunes. We might award a radio record as the prize for this stunt."

"Then everyone could join in singing the songs anyone might call for as a grand finale," summed up Jane. "I think, girls, we're really going to prove something to our mothers."

When a Fellow Needs an Adult Friend

(Continued from page 27.)

from a neighbor, the mother of one of her friends. This was surely a delicate situation. The neighbor, if she decided to take sides with the girl, risked alienating the girl from her mother. On the other hand, being wise, she did understand the desire of the teen-ager to go steady.

What she did was listen and show concern for Charlotte's problem. She did not preach Charlotte a sermon, nor did she tell her what to do. Instead, she suggested that Charlotte try again to talk with her mother, as calmly and honestly as possible. Also, she pointed out that the mother really had Charlotte's best interests at heart.

The result was that Charlotte had a better perspective on both her problem and her mother's point of view. In time she and her mother worked out the problem satisfactorily, each better, wiser persons for the experience.

Examples of what friendship between young people and adults can be are found in almost every community. For young people who have not developed such a friendship it is well to remember that the possibilities are many.

Frisky Finds Friends

(Continued from page 18.)

Sure enough, Bessie and Bobby were watching.

"Look!" Bessie said to Bobby. "Our squirrel has brought another with him."

"It would be nice if they sat on the window ledge to eat the nuts," Bessie sighed.

"That one squirrel did yesterday," Bobby remembered.

"Let's stand here perfectly quiet tomorrow," Bessie added, "and see what happens."

That night Father and Mother Squirrel listened as Frisky and Susie told about their good time.

"It's mighty risky," Father Squirrel declared, and Mother Squirrel added, "My brother got caught, you know."

"Well," Father Squirrel admitted, "perhaps there are some good Hum Beings in the world after all."

"I am sure Bessie and Bobby are good," Frisky chattered happily, "and I am glad they are our friends."

"I am glad, too," Susie added. "I am going with Frisky again tomorrow and every day."

In the comfortable house shaded by the big tree Bessie and Bobby were glad, too.

Biblegram Solution

Biblegram on page 25.)

The steadfast love of the LORD never ceases,

his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness.

"The LORD is my portion," says my soul. (Lamentations 3:22-24)

The Words

| | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| A Sodom | H Deserve | O Feather |
| B Women | I Shiver | P Family |
| C Repeat | J Clumsy | Q Greedy |
| D Treaty | K Counted | R Covets |
| E Heaven | L Roomers | S Annoys |
| F Thistle | M Finest | T Season |
| G Fleshly | N Shrine | U Night |
| | V Tailor | |

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Family Counselor



WE HAVE two boys, nearly five and two and one-half years old. There are many children in our neighborhood who play together. Recently our oldest boy has become very aggressive and belligerent with the others, telling them to leave his yard. He has always been obedient, helpful, and pleasant in the house, with only occasional sulking spells because of some imagined slight in connection with his younger brother. I wonder where we have failed in training him, why he feels it necessary to have this attitude toward others. We have tried to supply the children with as many educational and creative toys as possible, also outdoor swings and a sandbox, yet at times they are bored with everything and cannot seem to amuse themselves. I read to them when limited time permits and try to do other activities with them. Their father had polio last summer which left him with a paralyzed arm, so he cannot play with them as most fathers do, and I try to help them use their excess energy. My husband is active in the church and choir work and is not home many evenings.

I have been asked to teach a second-grade Sunday school class. I have always had a serious inferiority complex, which makes it very difficult for me to talk with strangers, although I think people like me after the acquaintance is developed. My faith is very unsure and I have many unanswered questions myself. I wonder if I should take this class when I feel I am not succeeding too well with my own child. What is your honest opinion?

YOU alone, of course, can decide whether or not you should take the Sunday school class. Your boy's behavior, however, is not at all unusual and may be just a passing phase. Certainly it does not indicate that you are a failure as a parent. In fact, the provision you have made for your children's play activities and your willingness to take time to read and play with them, suggest that you are aware of the kind of guidance a parent should give children.

Let me suggest, too, that if only those who felt very sure of themselves accepted positions of responsibility in the church, the church would lose many of its most effective workers. If you are willing to study and take training courses, to seek and profit by the suggestions of your children's division superintendent and other teachers, and if you really love children, you should be able to render real service as a

teacher. The fact that you have been asked to teach suggests that others have confidence in your ability to do so. Remember that God sometimes makes his wishes for us known through others and through the opportunities that are open to us. As you teach and study and pray, you should find your faith becoming more certain and it is quite possible that your teaching will be not only a blessing to your children but to yourself as well.

Donald M. Maynard

WILBUR



Wilbur, did you move my sack of nails?



How Many Weeks Has a Month?

No, you are wrong! There are more than four weeks in a month! How many there actually are we do not know, but here are a few of the many in May.

Christian Family Week. You will find an article on page 2 telling something about this week and what your home can do to observe it.

Goodwill Week. In recognition of the work of the Goodwill Industries in many of our cities.

American Camping Week. In observance of the "most campingest-out" nation in the world this week is set up.

National Hospital Week. In honor of our land's many "houses of healing" this is observed.

Others we will simply list are National Girls' Club Week, National Hearing Week, National Music Week, National Mental Health Week.

All of these observances are centered around constructive agencies of health, welfare, and recreation. *Hearthstone*, unable to give adequate space to all of them, gives a friendly nod and a hearty "best wishes" for their success.

Delinquent or Troubled?

Hearthstone notes with interest a conference held recently by the New York Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church on "Our Responsibility to Our Troubled Children." It is hoped that the results of this conference will be available for general discussion and use by all church groups.

For the present we rejoice in an emphasis made by Bishop Horace W. B. Donegan in issuing the call for the conference. He takes a mighty swing at the looseness with which the phrase "juvenile delinquency" is bandied about.

"Often it is spoken in an almost hysterical tone, blended with fear and frustration," he said. "Often

the speaker, with far more self-assurance than knowledge, and with far more vindictiveness than love, offers as his prescription the persuasive influence of a policeman's night stick and the redemptive effect of a term in a reformatory.

"Juvenile delinquents are not so many units in a table of court statistics. They are not so many little demons to be punished. They are our troubled boys and girls, desperately in need of skillful help—above all, desperately in need of love."

That is the approach to this whole problem which the church and the Christian home are in the best position to make, theoretically. Practically, are they ready to make the sacrifices of time, money, and concern that are involved? We are afraid that most Christians have not yet learned the depths of meaning in Jesus' Parable of the Lost Sheep.

Meeting the needs of these troubled children call for great resources of love which certainly should be in abundant supply in the church and in its Christian homes.

Toledo Holds Marriage Lectures

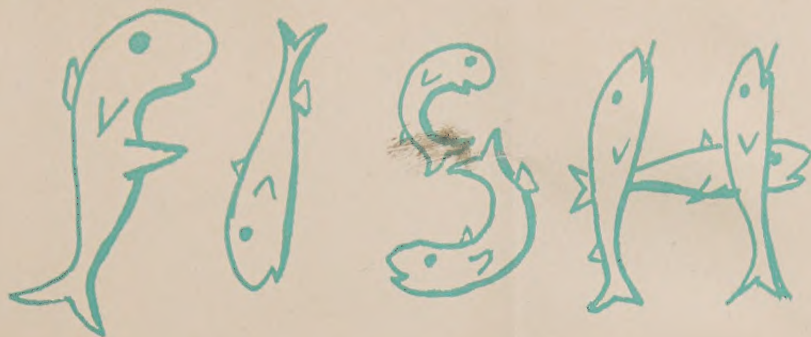
Christian leaders of Toledo, Ohio's Protestant and Catholic churches are sponsoring an annual series of lectures on preparation for marriage. The fourth in the series was held a few months ago.

Classes are offered separately by the two groups to high school seniors and other young adults. Meetings are held once each week in various churches, and the lectures are receiving increased attendance and interest year after year.

The topic for the Protestant series this year was "Friends, Dates, Mates." Catholic young people listened to addresses under the general theme "The Christian Ideal of Marriage."

Other communities might well look into this Toledo program and obey the scriptural injunction, "Go and do likewise."

Make a



Pond

by Nena Palmer

There isn't anything that will make your garden more attractive than an original fish pond, and you can have both fun and the satisfaction of making it yourself!

First, choose the location, finding a spot that is partly in sun and partly in shadow. Decide how large you want it. If you want a square or rectangular pool, hammer stakes in the ground at the corners. For a more unusual effect toss the garden hose in the general area, and push it around until you like the shape (fig. A).

Now dig out the ground for the pond, about twenty inches deep. Then put in forms for the sides of the pond (fig. B). You can use wooden forms, if you are making a rectangular pool, but for a curved one, like the one illustrated, you can use twenty-eight inch corrugated tin, the kind used in roofing, which is very inexpensive. Leave a straight dirt wall on the outside, and fasten the tin or

boards with stakes, on both sides of your form, four inches from the dirt, as in fig. B.

Use waterproof cement, mixing one part of cement with three parts of sand. You will have best results by mixing this a little at a time, using a bucket for a measure. Dump this into the forms, and as you go, you can throw small rocks in, to fill the space more quickly and save on the cost of the cement. It is important, however, that the rocks do not touch the tin, or you will have a leak later on! It takes several days for the cement to dry, and it is best to keep a damp burlap sack over it, so it won't crack.

Once the sides are dry, make another wooden or tin form across the middle of the pool, as in fig. C, about five inches lower than where the water surface will be. This is very important, because it is the key to keeping your pool clean, and it eliminates the need for a drain. When the pool needs cleaning, or if there is a winter-leak on one side, you can coax the fish over this wall, and then siphon the water out of the other side, leaving them perfectly contented in a separate pool, while you patch or clean the other half. Then, by reversing the process, you can work on the other side.

Once this wall is thoroughly dry, remove the forms, and make the floor three or four inches thick, smoothing the edges where it joins the walls. If you like, you can make one side deeper than the other at this time, the deeper end about twenty-five inches, for tall plants such as cattails and arrowhead. The large goldfish (and you will be surprised at how large they will grow in the freedom of a big pond!) will like to hide deep in this water. The smaller fish and plants will enjoy a depth of about eighteen inches in the other side, where the sun can warm the water to the bottom.

Now, decorate the rim of the pool in any way you like. Fig. D shows flat stones cemented all around, or you can use bricks, or simply round the top with smooth cement.

When this is dry, your pool is ready to fill. Put a layer of good soil and sand in the bottom, and fill it with water. You can put any water plants you want into the pool: cattails, arrowhead, waterlilies, etc. It is a good idea to do this and then wait a week before putting any fish into it. If possible, change the water a couple of times.

When you do add the fish, let them stand outside for half a day, in shade or partial shade, near the pool, so that there will be no change in the temperature of the water. Of course, you will want snails, too, for a balanced pond.

You and your family and friends will spend many restful hours beside your pool, watching the fish and discovering the really wonderful small details of nature, which you would not otherwise enjoy.



Nena Palmer



Smart Gifts for Graduation —and other special occasions

India Today!

By Jack Finegan. An important new book! This new republic in an ancient land is as strategic in Asia as Asia is in the world. Its people and its future can be understood only through learning of the racial, historical and cultural background of India the land of contrasts. Dr. Finegan interprets India after a year's study there on a Fulbright Award. He writes not as a casual traveler, but as a skilled observer of people, an American, and an anthropologist. He begins with the land and its effects on the people, briefly follows its history, pictures a great city, etc. Generously illustrated with 50 striking photos. End-paper maps. \$4.25

The Quest for Personal Poise

By Helen L. Toner. New companion book to "Little Prayers for Personal Poise." Composed of 62 meditations for daily spiritual inventory, it reveals the unsuspected resources waiting to enrich life. Miss Toner portrays people, situations and Bible stories with warmth and humanity so her message hits deep and stays. \$1.25

Flagellant on Horseback

By Richard Ellsworth Day. A deeply moving story of a man who conquered the wilderness and endured untold hardships in his ministry to the American Indians. David Brainerd, pioneer missionary of colonial days, felt a driving necessity to carry God's word beyond the frontier; to lead savage souls to Christ while he raced against death. The pulse-quickening tale is the result of the author's pilgrimage to discover the real David Brainerd. \$3.00

The 7 Teen Years

By Alberta Z. Brown. A frankly written, understanding book for teen-agers. Here are practical explanations of problems and opportunities teen-agers face regarding their body, home, education, friends, religion, attitudes, their world and future. Illustrated with 34 delightful cartoon-style drawings. \$1.50

Christian Journalism for Today

Compiled and edited by Benjamin P. Browne. Forty-one chapters of practical suggestions from top authors for anyone interested in the great, uncrowded field of religious writing. For beginners, seasoned writers, editors, pastors, journalism students. Includes names of publishers and editors, market charts, etc. \$3.50

The New Testament in Modern English

By Helen Barrett Montgomery. Stimulating translation with fresh spiritual insight, literary clarity. Modern, everyday language brings new, richer meaning. Short paragraphs. Levant morocco, overlapping cover, red-under-gold edges, boxed, \$7.50. De luxe leather, boxed, \$4.50. Pocket edition, black, \$2.00

Rhapsody in Black

By Richard Ellsworth Day. The life of Jasper, famous slave preacher of Virginia the Civil War era. This full-length biography tells of his family background, his work in the great Richmond tobacco houses, his conversion, his years as an obscure slave preacher and finally his days of fame. Two of his greatest sermons are given in full. He leaves a book for enjoyment and fresh, warm inspiration. \$2.50

The Orbits of Life

By Jack Finegan. These inspiring religious essays squarely face the problems of life and turn for guidance to our Christian heritage preserved in the Bible. They tell the Christians are called to do and ways to gain strength and guidance for doing it. They explain how to pray, how to have patience, and how to achieve "unconscious religion." A penetrating book. \$2.50

God's Wonder World

By Bernice Bryant. A newly revised edition of popular and delightfully different optional reading for children 6 to 10. Written in story form, the book shows that God is everywhere—in factories, airliners and vision as well as in nature and on the farm. A brief prayer and Bible verse are given at the close of each reading. Beautiful pictures to delight every child! \$1.75

Writing for Christian Publications

By Edith Tiller Osteyee. A fact-packed book written by an experienced writer, teacher and editor for enthusiastic writers. Ten chapters tell how to write and sell Christian publications: general survey, editorial demands, taboos, human needs and emotions, pulps, slicks, grammar, style, writing methods, fact, fiction, and how to plan and select markets. Practice assignments included. \$3.00

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